

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1867.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP HAMLINE.

BY J. WESLEY CARMART, D. D.

MY acquaintance with Bishop Hamline began with my ministry, in 1855, during his residence near Schenectady. I first saw him in the little chapel not far from his dwelling, on a beautiful Sabbath afternoon in early Summer. He occupied a large rocking-chair at the end of the altar, placed there by some kind friends for his comfort, as it was impossible for him, in consequence of physical disability, to occupy a pew, or ordinary chair in the altar, without great discomfort.

His entire appearance was that of the Bishop; and yet there was a sweetness of look and kindness of expression that I had not anticipated, and which, with his warm and fatherly greeting, served to relieve my mind and heart of the almost crushing dread I had suffered for some time, in view of having to stand in his presence. I was fully conscious of standing before one of the greatest men of his age, and yet I felt that his heart was too kind and charitable to allow him to notice, to the preacher's disadvantage, any shortcoming or imperfection that might appear. As my acquaintance with him ripened into friendship, I became convinced that my first impression of him in this particular was correct.

I frequently heard him speak of his brethren in the ministry—their character, abilities, and efforts—and sometimes of a few whom he had reason to believe had not treated him, at all times, with that brotherly kindness that should have characterized them; but never did I hear from his lips an unkind or uncharitable expression with reference to any. He never spoke to me of the various ministers he heard at his little chapel, but in terms of commendation, except in one instance. The day previous to

his mention of the matter, he had attended a funeral at which a minister of a sister denomination officiated, and in speaking of the sermon he remarked, with peculiar emphasis, "I thanked God that it was my privilege to listen to Methodist preaching. I should be glad to hear the poorest Methodist preacher in the connection in preference to such as I heard yesterday."

I find the following passage in one of his letters addressed to Dr. and Mrs. P.: "We have been much engaged for three weeks past in business and trials of an absorbing and exhausting nature; and having passed through them, we gladly turn our thoughts to our friends, among whom you always occupy the first place." . . . "We seem now to walk as through the valley and shadow of death. . . . Pray, beloved in Christ, that we may come off conquerors through him that loved us!"

It was my privilege to be with him at his home for several days during this severe "trial," and although there was much to distract and annoy, yet the same spirit of kindness seemed ever to possess him, even with reference to his bitterest enemies.

It was announced in the newspapers, during the Autumn of 1855, that he was engaged on a volume of his sermons preparatory to publication. Being at his house a few days after the announcement, I mentioned the matter to him. He smiled pleasantly, and said, "It is surprising to me with what facility some men write books. I don't think I could write a book, for the reason that I never could satisfy myself; I should have to write it over twenty times." He requested Mrs. H. to hand him his sermons. She handed him a tin case, apparently a diploma case, from which he drew several old manuscripts. "These," he remarked, "are my sermons." They were yellow with age, and their appearance attested the truth of his statement

with reference to his care as to his writings. Wherever an alteration was needed the original had been cut out and the alteration made on a separate slip and fastened to the back of the manuscript by means of sealing wafers. The entire manuscript was pretty well patched over in this way. He said, "I will read you one of my sermons—a sermon on the Trinity—prepared and delivered while I was in Cincinnati, on the occasion of the absence of the Unitarian minister, when many of his most intelligent hearers attended upon the services at 'Wesley Chapel.'" The sermon was a most masterly production as to its arguments, while the chaste and classic style in which they were clothed was not the least of its attractions. When he had concluded, he remarked, "There, that is the first sermon I have preached in a long time"—mentioning the number of years. I have thought, repeatedly since, that those sermons should be gathered into book form and sent out to bless the world.

Bishop Hamline, as will be seen from his "Life and Letters," was warmly attached to our hymns, and used them, not only in his sermons with wonderful effect, but with reference to his personal Christian experience with great profit. I know not that he ever wrote a line of poetry, and yet the elements of the true poet abounded in him in an eminent degree. Few men were better acquainted with the standard poets than was he. Few were capable of clearer criticism, or of warmer appreciation of the masters in this department of literature. Being in company with him one Monday morning, and considerably worn from the labors of the Sabbath, which he readily detected, he said, "Allow me to read to you 'The Cottar's Saturday Night.'" He read it. His voice was well adapted to such reading, and under the most perfect control; his pronunciation of the Scotch dialect was equal, it would seem, to that of Walter Scott, or of Burns himself; and the marvelous pathos with which he read, and of which he was capable, surpassed any thing of the kind I had ever heard. Nor have I since heard it equaled. The tears could not be suppressed as the noble stanzas were pronounced:

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' Bible ance his father's pride;  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets, wearing thin an' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care;  
And 'Let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;  
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martyrs worthy of the name,  
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;  
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;  
The tickled ear no heart-felt raptures raise;  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."

The poem concluded, he called "Virginia," his daughter-in-law, and requested her to play "Dundee" upon the piano, which she did, all present joining vocally, the Bishop singing the bass, when old "Dundee" was rendered in a style Beethoven himself would not have despised.

These little incidents may appear of trifling consequence, but they are well calculated, it seems to me, to throw light upon the life and character of this great man, and bring him nearer to our hearts, and make his memory more precious and lasting; and especially are they important in view of the fact that some who knew him only as Bishop, regarded his religion as wearing an ascetic hue.

His humility was one of his most conspicuous traits of character. He remarked, one day in speaking of his health, "Should I sufficiently recover to be able to preach again, I should not wish to be restored to the Episcopal office, but would ask to be sent to some poor charge in my Conference, where few would be willing to go."

He might frequently be seen standing, in the Summer time, under a tree by his gate at the road-side, and as his neighbors passed by he spoke a word, as opportunity offered, with reference to their salvation. When able to ride he drove about the neighborhood, visiting and praying with those who were destitute of salvation, frequently ministering to their temporal as well as to their spiritual wants.

I find the following entry in his diary under date of November 10, 1855:

"A poor drunkard has died the last week, near by. Myself and dear wife have labored to teach him, warn him, and guide him to Christ. I have at times had an encouraging spirit of prayer for him. He professed at first to be praying for the mercy of God, and, as he said, trusting in it; but I found he had no knowledge of Christ as a Savior, and I told him God could show no mercy to sinners but through him whose name was the only one among men whereby we can be saved. He seemed after this to depend on Christ. There is some hope, much fear."

I have a distinct recollection of this man and of his miserable abode. In one of my visits to

that part of the Guilderland circuit, the Bishop mentioned the case to me, and desired me to see him. Fearing lest I should not be able to find my way to the humble abode of the wretched man, he sent his carriage with Mrs. Hamline as guide, who kindly remembered to take something for the sick man's physical comfort. Thus he seemed ever watchful of opportunities for doing good.

On the occasion of the visit of a week, from Rev. Henry Cox, the Bishop proposed that a grove meeting should be held every afternoon and evening in a little pine grove near his house. Accordingly, the grove was fitted up with seats, a rude pulpit, and conveniences for lighting. The Bishop drove all about the neighborhood notifying the people, and inviting them to attend the meeting. The result was, great multitudes flocked together to hear the Word of life, or to witness the novel scene; and, through the blessing of God, many were converted. On the last evening of the meeting a sermon was preached from the text: "Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?" etc. Immediately on the close of the sermon the Bishop arose, and, although scarcely able to stand without assistance, made an application of the sermon and an appeal to the people, such as I have never heard equaled. The Holy Ghost fell on us; weeping was heard in every direction in the vast assembly; sobs and cries for mercy followed; and as the speaker continued, and even before the invitation was given, penitents crowded around the rude altar, and the whole assembly, rising to their feet, seemed drawn toward the speaker, and to melt like wax before the fire. When the invitation was given to those seeking Christ to come forward, it seemed to me that the whole audience moved simultaneously, while some actually ran and threw themselves prostrate upon the ground, and shouted, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The memory of that scene can never be effaced from my mind.

O that the mantle of Bishop Hamline might fall on us who admire his greatness and cherish his memory!

PRAYER is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of heaven. When the chariots that bring us blessings do rumble, their wheels do sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer becomes the token of the coming blessings. Even as the cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing.

## THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language except the "Ode of Louis De Leon."

O! LET the soul its slumbers break—  
Arouse its senses, and awake  
To see how soon  
Life, in its glories, glides away,  
And the stern footsteps of decay  
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,  
Down which our flowing minutes glide  
Away so fast,  
Let us the present hour employ,  
And deem each future dream a joy  
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,  
No happier let us hope to find  
To-morrow than to-day;  
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,  
Like them the present shall delight—  
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,  
That into one ingulfing sea  
Are doomed to fall—  
The sea of death, whose waves roll on  
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,  
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,  
Alike the humble rivulet's glide,  
To that sad woe!  
Death levels, poverty and pride,  
And rich and poor sleep side by side,  
Within the grave.

Our birth is but the starting place;  
Life is the running of the race,  
And death the goal;  
There all our glittering toys are bought—  
That path alone, of all unsought,  
Is found of all.

See then, how poor and little worth  
Are all those glittering toys of earth  
That lure us here;  
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,  
Alas! before it bids us wake,  
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,  
The cheek's pure glow of red and white  
Has passed away;  
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—  
Age came, and laid his finger there,  
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,  
The step that roved so light and gay,  
The heart's blithe tone?  
The strength is gone, the step is slow,  
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!  
When age comes on!

## FASHION.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

IT is no new theme—fashion. Neither is religion, though that occupies a secondary place in most minds. Yet both subjects, though so widely diverse, have an interest for us, and a particular interest for those of us who are trying to bring the divine principle under the dominion of the earthly goddess. Some of us would be satisfied to reconcile the two, if such union were possible; we would like to see them harmoniously sharing the throne of sovereignty, but the first article in the creed of the universal woman is this, "There is but one god, and that is Fashion."

I was born into the world with some womanly faculty lacking. The strongest effort of my imagination can not make a thing beautiful to me just because it is fashionable. When I go to a *musicale*, and Mad. Cavatina hoots like an owl and croaks like a raven, I think of the owl and the raven, and neither of those birds are lovely to me. In Mrs. Fulsom's shaded drawing-room, I try in vain to take in the beauty of darkness. Instead, I am inwardly repeating to myself that Scripture which declares that "truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

To my eyes the rich robe loses its grace when it trails through mud and tobacco juice, and when it is looped up, it suggests Bridget just ready to mop the kitchen floor. It is not because my taste has not been educated, but it is owing to that "faculty left out." Looking at the subject without "that faculty," I must confess that if there is one folly in life more ridiculous to me than another, it is the effort to be fashionable.

"O, dear!" sighs a pale, anxious-looking woman at my elbow, "I am always so unfortunate."

I turn to inquire into her affliction. "Is her husband dead? Has roguish Billy broken both legs and one arm? Has the pet Margie scalded her pretty face and blistered all of her fingers? What terrible calamity has occasioned that woe-begone countenance?"

"Why, look here!" she answers nervously. "I have only just got my Winter bonnet, and the style is changing. They are now worn nearly a third of an inch nearer the neck, and crowns are talked of. I'm discouraged."

Poor woman! She had risen early and sat up late, and had eaten the bread of carefulness, doing it all cheerfully in view of the bonnet waiting to be revealed, and the prize was only

just in her hands when its value departed, the fashion changed. Such a trivial, useless change, too! Just a whimsical caprice of the goddess, but so powerful that the new bonnet, so becoming and graceful but yesterday, is shorn at once of its beauty, and entered upon the condemned list as "out of fashion."

"There is no use in trying to be fashionable," says the disconsolate woman. That is very true, but she will try for all that. And she will not stop trying till she wears that best dress which other hands will fashion according to the last graveyard patterns.

Those who have wealth and can pay for the making up of bonnets and dresses without forethought or labor, have a sufficiently hard time of it; but it is nothing when compared with the lot of the great multitude who are obliged to spend all their bodily strength as well as their mental powers in the vain effort to keep up with the rest. To be sure, the bodily exercise profiteth little, it being impossible to achieve success; but we would not mind the physical waste, if the energies of the soul were not pressed into the service. The wise Creator never meant that the corruptible body should rule over the immortal spirit. And it must be a pitiable sight to the angels who are commissioned to visit this earth as ministering spirits, to see us so degraded from our high estate; to see the spirit so made subject to the flesh as to devote all its powers to decorating its decaying tabernacle; to see the mind continually dwarfing itself in the effort to trick out in fanciful tinsel what may to-morrow become food for worms; to see intelligent beings glorying in the covering which sin has made necessary.

It is astonishing how fast the intellect withers in this belittling work. If immortality were not written upon it, I think it would entirely extinguish itself. As it is, may it not so starve itself, so waste its energies, as to be unable in the future state to make its existence known to other spirits? Did you ever think of this kind of loneliness—the solitude of endless inanity and exhaustion?

A young mother sat alone, in her room at midnight, busily plying her needle. It was a comfortable room, and there were many luxuries showing themselves among the necessary furniture. Pictures of rare beauty ornamented the walls, and although the practiced eye could see at a glance that it was not the abode of wealth, yet none of the elements that make up the tasteful, comfortable home were lacking. But Kathleen O'Flaherty, the washwoman who lives in that poor shanty by the wharf, never wore so tired and anxious a look in all her life;



never had such a weary, unsatisfied longing for the impossible.

"A few more stitches and it is done. O, how my side aches! I wish embroidered tucks had never been thought of. My head is dizzy half the time, and this fine stitching has half blinded me. I would wear spectacles if they did not look so horribly. Ah, well, it is done at last." And the young mother holds up her work and surveys it with a pleased look.

"Beautiful! How proud Emma will be! Carrie Lane's frock is a regular cheat. The pattern is just woven in. I wonder if Mrs. Lane thinks that folks can't see. I would work my fingers off before Emma should wear such a sham. Dear me! How my hand trembles! And my feet are like ice. Hetty Bliss says that embroideries are going out. Just my luck, if it should be true. It is about time for that, and then all this labor will have been for nothing."

Heavy shadows gather upon the young mother's face as she contemplates this possibility. And this woman, with an immortal soul to save, goes to bed at last quite unhappy lest embroideries should "go out" before Emma has a chance to spread hers before the genteel world. Was there ever an outlay of labor that yielded so small a return?

"I have been reading Bayard Taylor's 'St. John,'" I overheard one lady saying to another. "Have you seen it?"

"Let me think. About the apostle John, isn't it? I believe I heard my husband mention it."

"There is a new work by the authoress of 'The Schönberg-Cotta Family.' I have not read it yet, but it is on my list."

"I am glad your eyes are strong enough to read. Mine begin to ache as soon as I open a book. Reading is more trying to the eyes than any thing else, and what is the use of it?"

"It is a great pleasure to me. I don't know what I should do with my evenings if I could not read. Think of the mass of rich works in regard to Africa, the oldest of countries! I had only a school-girl's idea of it. To my eye it was just a yellow spot on the map with a crooked edge. You know how little information about it was found in our histories. Now, without leaving our snug fireside we can explore all of it that has been visited by the most enterprising travelers."

"As if one would want to! I have no time to waste, for one. I don't get leisure to read the Bible. The fashions change so that one gets no rest. We are hardly established in one style before the pattern changes, and then every thing else must be altered to correspond. Why,

as soon as The Lady's Book is out, I sit down and spend the whole evening studying the plates, so as to save expense by making up things myself."

"Then you can see to study that? And get time for it, too."

"I take time. I am obliged to do so. If I had to hire my sewing done it would cost a fortune. I should have nothing to spend on the material to make up. I suppose you save in the same way."

"Yes. I do my own sewing. I can not otherwise help the poor. I saved enough by making up my husband's and the boys' clothes this Fall to buy a sewing-machine for poor Florence King, who has to support both of her aged parents by taking in work. She says it is an easy task now. Christ's poor are always with us, you know. They are his legacy to his wealthier children."

"Perhaps so. I have all that I can do to take care of my own affairs."

There is nothing that so hardens the heart to the necessities of others as a devotion to fashion. There are so many, *many* things that make up the sum of stylish attire. There is always a demand upon the purse, and if it contains but moderate wealth, every cent must be made available.

For nothing is tolerated merely because it is becoming and comfortable. It must have the higher praise of being fashionable. To attain this it must be of rich material, and therefore expensive. There are no persons so poor and dissatisfied in feeling, so barren in the joys that wealth might purchase, so intensely selfish or so transparently ignorant as those who live nearest the shrine of the fickle goddess. When Satan can once inspire a Christian with a strong desire to be fashionable, he just waits till he sees the poor victim boldly wearing his livery, and then leaves him contentedly to seek other prey. He knows that he has secured a heavy mortgage on that soul.

If there is an object of pity on earth it is the fashionable Christian. The misery is of a kind that can not be relieved. The religion of Jesus is a balm for every other kind of trouble, but it has no application here. Prayer, that sweet solace to the sorrowful spirit, is powerless to aid the heart-yearning after vanity.

Young people often follow up the changes of fashion from a mere love of novelty. They are eager after variety, and if the fashion is ever so uncouth and unbecoming, there is a charm in their fresh bloom and young beauty that enables them to adopt it without being ridiculous. It is nearly impossible to devise any pattern that

can not be worn gracefully by the sprightly youthful figure.

Then we do not expect young persons to exhibit much sober sense. That is the growth of reflection and mature years. We delight in the merry caprice, and the gay laugh stirs our own pulses happily as it rings out carelessly from the untried heart. If left to themselves, young people are seldom overanxious in regard to dress. It does not give them sleepless pillows or diminished appetites. Youth will assert its healthful power, and no one dies young from the demands of fashion, unless incited thereto by the admonitions or persuasions of older people. Youth does not, of its own accord, take to tight lacing. It is the mother's hand that puts on the corsets, and it is the mother who should herself be put into a strait-jacket in all those places where insanity is the stereotyped plea for the murderer.

"Do let me take these corsets off, mamma," I heard a young girl pleading with her mother; "they make my side ache, and my heart beats so hard against them that it tires me. Please let me take them off."

"Nonsense! You ought to have pride enough to wear them. You will grow up as round-shouldered as a camel without them. Do you want people to think you are deformed?"

"But it hurts me to breathe, mamma. I can't breathe down. And I can't help trying to. I feel as if I was stifling."

"Say no more about it. Other girls breathe, and you are not made differently from them, I suppose. Look at Martha Aberly. There's a pretty figure for you. A regular dumpling. Her mother does not believe in corsets. When your figure is properly formed it will be time enough to talk about it."

It is four years since, but the frail, lovely girl has for three years been wearing the dress which requires no lacing to make it fit. A white marble cross in the burial-place shows the grave where she rests. It is called a sad providence that thus removed an only daughter, so sweet in temper, so promising in talent. But Providence had nothing to do with it, in my opinion. I think that there are many careful, church-going mothers who will be terribly dismayed when the day of final reckoning shall come, to see the wealth of fresh, happy life that God meant to blossom out in excellence and beauty upon the earth, but which was untimely crushed and blighted by their own insane worship of fashion.

But it is fashion as it influences mature life which is most hopelessly ridiculous. Just look at the general effect of the costumes worn by

elderly women. Think of the immense pains taken to caricature themselves. And each one, though quite sensible of the comical appearance of her neighbor, has no suspicion of the hearty laugh that is enjoyed behind her own back.

"Why do you not wear flowers in your bonnet?" asked a fashionable woman, who was a half centenarian, of a friend five or six years younger. "You have worn your hair in that plain way for twenty years. I can hardly imagine how you would look if you dressed it like other folks."

"I should not look natural, and so lose the chief attraction of an old friend. I had a rare compliment yesterday. I am not sure that I do not owe it to the very thing you deprecate. It was paid me by poor Hannah Lee. Lying on her bed day after day, crippled as she is, with scarcely any objects of interest, it is not strange that she is often too tired and nervous to see her friends. I have often wondered that she so gladly admitted me to her sick-room. I was expressing to her my grateful sense of the special favor accorded to me, when she looked up in my face with such a wistful, puzzled look that I saw at once that she was unable to account even to herself for the preference. 'There is something about you that rests me,' she said. Now, I fancy if I should go in to see her to-day with my hair drawn back from my temples and 'water tumbled' behind, and with bright roses in my bonnet, I should not inspire that poor girl with the home-like, restful feeling that my present familiar aspect brings to her."

"Perhaps not. But you would look ten years younger."

"Doubted. But even were it true, why should I look ten years younger than I am? Is not middle age as respectable as youth?"

"If it is, most people like to look as young as they can."

"Yea. But no one looks really younger than they are. The crow's feet about the eyes, the faded complexion, the wrinkles upon the forehead, and the thin hair, make up a handwriting that is known and read of all women and most men. I have a friend who wears a large red rose upon a bald spot on the top of her head, but I do not think she has a female acquaintance who could not give you a pretty exact measure of that spot."

"I know who you mean."

"Yes, and she knows that you dye your hair. Deception seems to be out of the question in such matters. You may, this afternoon, put on all your stylish plumage and go with me into any public place; on the street, for instance.

The veriest stranger that we may meet will be able to tell both your age and mine. The plumes, and roses, and bugles, would not deceive him a minute. He would give us both the credit of a respectable middle age. If introduced, he might pay my plain costume the compliment of talking sense to me."

Well, you know, if you have had any experience in such things, that neither of those ladies converted the other to her opinions. Indeed, I think the semi-centenarian went away a little offended with the idea of being able to blind no one. I meet them both occasionally; the one clad in the grave, rich colors befitting her age, wearing a look of refinement and thoughtful intelligence which is far lovelier than mere beauty; the other, enveloped in her rainbow toggery, without any look of refinement or intelligence.

Not long ago I was sitting in one of our New England churches. Because of ill health I occupied a seat near the door, from whence I had a rear view of the whole congregation. Listening to the sermon with the hungry interest of one who seldom has so sweet a privilege, I had no thought of any thing save the solemn theme discussed till the speaker sat down. Then, while waiting for the last hymn to be sung, I cast my eyes over the assembly. To me, though used to individual vanity, the congregated display was an exceedingly comic picture; an immense caricature of my sex. Never before was I ashamed of being a woman. I hardly liked to shake hands with the gentlemen who accosted me on my way home. I thought that they must, perforce, share in the Mohammedan belief that women are made without souls. Every token of regard for me seemed but a shallow pretense to hide this belief. I saw the slight ground they had upon which to build a different opinion. And before I reached home I began to doubt whether the theory of the Islamite were not the true one after all. If I had not owned a few such books as "The Women of Methodism," Mrs. Sigourney's "Letters of Life," "Woman's Record," by Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," and Mad. de Stael's "Germany," I do not know what I should have done to regain my standing as a thinking immortal spirit.

I went nervously from one book to another, finding in one the sweetest womanly traits, the beauty of the heart; in another such self-sacrificing moral heroism as raised womanhood almost to divinity, and in yet another, the "Germany," an intellectuality almost repulsively vigorous. Then, at last, I sat down and thanked God that I was a woman, with womanly sym-

pathies, and with a number of dresses suited to my age and condition.

If fashion would rest satisfied with just controlling our dress, we should find less fault with its encroachments. It would then give us time for a little mental culture, and an occasional stray thought in regard to the life in store for us when the fashions of this life shall have passed away. But I should like to see the thing that it does not meddle with. Like the frogs of Egypt, it forces itself into our bed-chambers.

For example. Did I not, only last week, see a pretty, modest set of chamber furniture displaced to make room for another with a bedstead like a high altar, with a carved head that nearly reached the ceiling? The discarded set had a host of pleasant associations turned out with it, for it had merrily furnished the bridal chamber, and no other rocking-chair had ever felt so easy and homelike. But the worst thing about it was that the change could not be afforded without much saving and pinching in real comfort. Do you know what it is to shiver with poverty under a brilliant and stylish exterior?

God pities the *honest* poor, but there is no sympathy in heaven or earth for genteel poverty.

Fashion is the great family skeleton in many homes, and no amount of funeral ceremony will bury it so that it will stay sepulchered. It thrusts its death's head in at every feast, and grins all night by the side of the carved high-headed bedstead. The poor people who live in the damp cellars and freezing attics, or huddle together in comfortless shanties, have no means to afford a skeleton.

Ah, it is sweet to know that there is one fashion that will endure; one dress that no time or mischance can change. It is the robe of Christ's righteousness. It is a fashion that all may follow if they will; a fashion that brings no anxiety or sorrow with it, that demands no sacrifice of comfort. It is the wedding garment, without which we can not come in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. It is the livery of heaven, which will be in fashion when the world and all that is therein shall have been burned up, and which requires no ornament save that of a meek and quiet spirit.

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"A LIGHTED lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and yet it giveth light to all who are in the house; and so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance."

## MURILLO AND LA CARIDAD.

BY MARY LOWE.

SCATTERED throughout our own country may be found engravings of some of the finest works of art in Europe. Many of these become familiar and dear to us even when we do not know even the name of the artist with whom the picture originated. I have been specially delighted, now and then, to chance suddenly in my travels upon some scene or countenance already familiar to me, in the form in which the engraver presents it, and to find it all warm and alive with the touches of color from the artist's pencil. 'T is like meeting a friend, of whom for a long time we have had only a daguerreotype. Among the pleasantest of such experiences I number the finding of two Murillo's, whose beauty had been lingered over with special delight at home. I refer to the well-known "Smiting of the Rock," and to "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes." We found them hanging, one on either side, above small altars, in the chapel of an old hospital, just on the outskirts of the Spanish city of Seville.

The hospital, called La Caridad, is devoted to the care of aged and infirm men, and to the aged sick of both sexes. They are tended by Sisters of Mercy during the day, but the men are cared for at night by the voluntary watching of the young men of the city, who form themselves into societies for this purpose, each serving in his turn. The institution had its origin in this wise: A young man who had spent, in the wildest profligacy, his early life, and had committed such excesses as to be thought to be the hero of Byron's Don Juan, after his reformation became desirous to devote his life to the most *lowly* and humiliating office by which he could serve his fellow-men. He accordingly founded a society, or brotherhood, who were located at La Caridad, who were bound to care for, comfort, instruct, console, and prepare for execution all criminals condemned to death, and to take charge of the burial of their remains. This strange brotherhood received into its membership none but nobles of a very high rank; but an exception to this rule was made in the case of the artist Murillo, who was just at that period at the height of his celebrity. He needed no title beyond that of Prince of Painters, and became a brother of the strange order—assisted by the fact perhaps of his former intimacy with its reformed founder.

Of course, at a period when every church or

chapel received decoration at the artist's hands to the full extent of the means of the builders, one stipulation agreed upon was, that the illustrious artist should devote himself to the adorning of the chapel of the brothers. We have heard that the labor bestowed here was the voluntary offering of his *love* for the order. However that may be, we are indebted to the fact of his belonging to it for two of the finest creations he has left behind him.

The first mentioned is by far the most striking picture of the two, though both are fine. There is a background of gray rock, from which flows a stream of pure water, that sparkles in the light, and runs away across the canvas, making a little path for itself amid the throngs of thirsty people. The first burst of joy has subsided and some are turning away from the rock to make room for those whose thirst is yet unquenched. Every face tells its own story of deprivation, and suffering, and fever under the burning sun.

Women drink eagerly, for once forgetful of their little ones, while child-hands clutch the sides of the cup—a water-carrier has filled his jars and placed them in the panniers on the horse's back, and, while the horse is taking his own draught from the stream with his nose thrust in among the feet of the crowd, the carrier lifts down one of his great jars within reach of a little girl who can not get near in the press. Astride the horse's back, so that he is a little above the throng, sits a little urchin, his rosy face all aglow with delight at the good tidings, while he points exultingly to the fountain at his feet. There are haggard faces pressing forward eagerly—faces so worn and exhausted that we tremble watching them lest they should drop by the way. There are men and maidens with jars and vessels of all sorts, bearing away the cooling draught to the aged and sick who can not come. And, amid them all, yet seeming apart, with uplifted hands and eyes, the venerable majestic figure of the prophet stands, praising God for the deliverance shown again to Israel.

'T is a very powerful picture—true to nature, but to *Spanish* nature particularly true. One may find the very same types any day in the Jews' quarter at Seville. I could say I had seen, even in the nineteenth century, the very same old straw panniers and water-casks; and the dress of the people is precisely the same worn at the present day. Perhaps not true to the costumes the children of Israel wore in the wilderness, but true to what the poor of Southern Spain wore in Murillo's time, and to what they are wearing now. A half dozen just such



boys as the one on the horse could be found in any street in Seville, and the same babies be seen at any corner.

The artist evidently gave to this subject no study of Eastern characteristics or costumes. All here is entirely and intensely Spanish. The landscape has in it nothing remarkable, and he never painted them except as accessions. But the grouping that combines a half dozen little gatherings in such a way as to make one great harmonious throng and the rendering of character are truly wonderful. One critic has said of these separate groups that they are the "notes of one great psalm."

And what may be said of this is equally true of the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes." In the latter there is so much of landscape as to injure somewhat the general effect, but nothing can tell better than this unless it were the words of Holy Writ, the whole story of the feeding of the tired five thousand. The hungry multitude, the questioning disciples, the boy who brings his little basket from which are taken the loaves and fishes, the serene Giver of the bread of life, and the wonderful throng made up of the marvelous groups of tens and fifties—it is all, all there.

It is said that Murillo painted for this chapel eleven pictures, of which the French carried away six. Of the remaining five we found but four. Directly above each of these large pictures Murillo has placed a smaller. Above the Loaves and Fishes hangs an infant St. John, and opposite this an infant Christ. The little fellow, clad in his coat of skin, leaning on his shepherd's staff, was in too dark a place. We could not coax him out of the somber shadow of his altar niche. But when the nun drew away the curtains from before the Christ-child, rays of sunlight crept in, and streaming across the dim chapel caught at the tiny feet. They grew as rosy as if a mother's hand had just caressed or a mother's lips just kissed them, as she was getting him ready for sleep. The sunlight winding its threads around the slender limbs of the child—clung, as if she claimed him for her own, and rarely found him within the reach of caresses. Then it crept slowly upward till all the little figure grew warm and rosy in the light, and at last touched the lips, and they smiled, and the eyes, and the soft brown hair, till the child seemed transfigured before us. No longer a thing of canvas and the creation of a human hand, but a living, breathing child, warm from his slumber and beautiful in the dewy freshness of the early morn.

We did not wait for the shadows to come and give us back the picture, but let the curtain

suddenly drop in the midst of the glory, leaving something that, I believe, was as near a vision as it is given mortals of the nineteenth century to know.

As we passed through the court of the hospital under the orange-trees, we paused a moment, listened to the tinkling of the fountains, and noticing the convalescents sunning themselves on benches by the wall, I could see through the open windows, down one of the long halls, the rows of neat white beds. Nearly every one had its occupant. A few old men were moving about performing various offices in the quietest manner. The snowy cap and kerchief of the Sisters of Mercy were bending over the pillows, and far down a priest was administering the host to one of the dying. 'T was a picture of solemn peace, such as the sunny face of the Christ-child might well smile down upon. Somehow the atmosphere of the place was such a contrast to *streets*, where beggary and squalid poverty seems to abound, and withered hands are reached out to you at every step, that it seems as if the poor must think of La Caridad as a vestibule to heaven.

### MY LILY.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

BEAUTIFUL lily, all pure and white,  
Given to me by a little child,  
Thou, like thy giver, art fair and bright,  
Odorous, delicate, undefiled.

Yet thou art making me strangely sad  
While I am drinking thy fragrant breath;  
What hath it cost thee to make me glad!  
Lo! thou already art near to death.

Born on the waters, amid the reeds,  
Woody by the zephyrs and kissed by the sun,  
Ravished away from thy lowland meads,  
Child of the waters, thou art undone.

Heavily droopeth thy lovely head,  
Tenderly closeth thy fragrant leaves,  
Silent reproaches by thee are said—  
Thy plaint, thy sorrow my heart receives.

Emblem of innocence, holy and frail,  
Would thou wert still on thy native mere,  
Joyously spreading thy petals pale,  
Rather than closing them finally here.

Emblem of coolness wasted, forlorn,  
Selfishly taken, and cruelly left;  
Lured from its kindred, and broken, and torn,  
Many a lily of all is bereft.

Happy, fair lily, whose hope is past,  
Happy to know that thy night draws nigh;  
'T is even thus that I would, at last,  
Folding my mantle about me, die.

## THE CROSS OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. MARY JAMES INGHAM.

"In hoc Signo vinces."

THERE are periods in all lives when the every-day work of the world becomes a monotony, and one needs to step aside through some gate Beautiful for rest and refreshment.

Mrs. Payson's studio is my gate Beautiful. I went in, one day, just after she had finished "Gibraltar," a miniature of the island-home of that good banker, Jay Cooke, who gives a Summer rest to tired ministers—an exquisite American picture, which shall yet be celebrated.

The glimpses of neighboring isles, the sweep of old Erie, whose waves touch lightly its fairy shore, its own republican castle, surrounded with woodland and vine, were all before me redolent of June, but bringing promise of the October vintage.

The glory of approaching sunset fell upon the painting, lighting up every tint of wave and forest. My friend was standing at a western window, and the glow touched her hair and shone upon her face, and, to my eye, she was for a moment transfigured, so greatly do I revere a Christian artist.

After looking long upon this, her latest work, I observed among her copies the Madonna del Seggiola of Raphael, standing near a cross of flowers not yet completed. They were in the most favorable light and their beauty was wonderful, but in a few moments turned to her, remarking that one would scarce look for these pictures in her studio, and did they not more properly belong in a convent cell or within the chancel of a cathedral? Where are the waxen tapers and the solemn music, the Ave Marias and the Pater Nosters?

"My dear friend," said the artist, "why should we permit the mother of abominations to monopolize every symbol and beautiful token of our holy Christianity? The Virgin, though but mortal like ourselves, and never, on any account, to be the object of adoration, must have had a face of marvelous purity, for did not the angel Gabriel talk with her, and was she not the 'highly favored,' the 'blessed among women?' The contemplation of that which is pure is to us an evangel, and should be an inspiration."

"But this cross?"

"The cross belongs to us, but not the crucifix. I never see the latter without a shudder at the sacrilege, especially when pressed to the lips of a mumbling priest, who before his peo-

ple, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, makes a god of the graven image in his hand."

She had sat down, and I drew an ottoman beside her.

"Tell me, Mrs. Payson, how came this symbol to be introduced?"

I thought her look conveyed to me a gentle reproof for not being thoroughly acquainted with Church history, for she glanced at a volume lying near me and requested that it might be handed her.

"As I see in your face," she continued, "an earnest desire to investigate this subject, we will go back for a moment to the Founder and perpetuators of Christianity."

"To our Lord himself and the disciples commissioned by him to preach the Gospel throughout the world."

"And from the miracle of Pentecost, which is supposed to have transpired during the next month after the resurrection of Christ, dates the beginning of an organized Church. You are familiar with the bitter persecution that followed, and how fast heaven was peopled by those who had 'come up through great tribulation?'"

"O yes; and that in a beautiful Syrian city after Stephen was stoned to death uprose an ancient and illustrious Church, divided by the heathen, and named in mockery of its founder, for the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch."

"And from the blood of Stephen's martyrdom sprang Paul, who, with his associates, brought the glad tidings into many of the Oriental cities, and when after stripes, imprisonment, and death, they went to receive the crowns laid up for them, left the work to be carried on by Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, and other martyr heroes. How this holy religion flourished through storms of persecution even as grow the stately cedars upon the rocky heights of Lebanon! For full three centuries was the faith preserved in its integrity.

"At about 310 Constantine the Great took into his gracious care the persecuted Christians. Up to this time crucifixion had been the most ignominious of deaths, and the instrument of this torture a sign of degradation and deepest humility, but he abolished throughout his empire this mode of punishment, and through interposition, alleged as miraculous, he made the cross the emblem of victory. Please read."

I read aloud the Vision of Constantine: "While he was meditating on one hand the awful fate of those who had persecuted Chris-

tianity, and on the other the necessity of Divine assistance to counteract the magical incantations of the hostile pagans, he addressed his prayers to the One great Supreme. On a sudden, a short time after noon, appeared a bright cross in the heavens just above the sun with this inscription, **BY THIS SIGN CONQUER.** Awe seized himself and the whole army, who were witnesses of the wonderful phenomenon. But of the significance of the vision Constantine was ignorant. Sleep fell on his harassed mind, and during that sleep Christ appeared and enjoined upon him to make a banner in shape of that celestial sign under which his arms would be forever crowned with victory. He immediately commanded the famous Labarum to be made."

"This Labarum," said Mrs. Payson, "is described by Gibbon as 'a pike intersected by a transversal beam. The summit of the pike supported a golden crown which inclosed the mysterious monogram of the name of Christ. Its safety was intrusted to fifty guards of approved valor and fidelity, and as long as these guards were engaged in the execution of their office were they invulnerable amidst the darts of the enemy. The same symbol sanctified the arms of the Emperor's soldiers, the cross glittered on Roman helmets, was engraved on Roman shields, and was interwoven into their banners.'"

"Glorious army, marching on through the triumph of the cross! beautifully significant of the Church militant in her onward progress, 'clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners!'"

"But, dear Mrs. Payson, was not Constantine a Catholic? I thought it was he who convened the Nicene Council to which Romanists refer with so much unction."

"You confuse the two Councils of Nice; the first was convened by Constantine in 325, but its object was solely to settle the Arian controversy, and the one to which you refer was called in 787 by Pope Adrian I, and is the only one considered ecumenical by the Catholics. There was an interval of 462 years, you perceive, between the two. At this latter council was the famed Nicene creed adopted by the Papists, and here did the bishops declare the veneration of images and of the cross to be agreeable to sacred Scripture, and not till the sixth century was the emblem of the cross exchanged for the image of the crucifix."

"From what time shall we date the beginnings of Papacy?"

"Protestant historians unite in fixing it not far from the fourth century. The central Church

at Rome fell through desire of power, and became exceedingly corrupt, drawing within a fatal maelstrom nearly all the lesser Churches, till the abiding place of the true faith was found in the hearts of the few who fled for their lives into gorges of the mountains and caves of the earth, and meantime the degenerate successors of Theodosius no longer bore at the head of their armies the sacred Labarum."

"Is there not danger that some, even among Protestants, might be led to venerate the cross itself, not regarding it merely as the sign of Christian redemption?"

"There is no danger. Believers should be educated upon these points. The time has now come for the diffusion of an intelligent Christianity. Let us take it from sacrilegious hands, who profane the most holy faith by their prayers to saints and their worship of graven images, and let it be our emblem of victory—**BY THIS SIGN CONQUER.**"

"To what extent do you hold that it should be adopted?"

"It is lamentable that Protestants have allowed it to be seized and retained by idolaters, borne upon their temples and a decoration in their homes, when we have the right to such adorning."

"Ours is a spiritual worship, and needs no sensible signs."

"True; but as a reminder, it would be a perpetual rejoicing, but we must not permit its use to be profaned. Let it not be worn upon the person of the gay and frivolous among us, who see in it no beauty or significance; but when our eyes behold it, let us think with joy upon the crucified but risen Savior."

"Permit another question in this connection. Do you approve of naming our houses of worship for the saints?"

"I do not know why Christians should not make use of the names of those holy founders of the Church for a memorial if they choose; however, I have a partiality in that respect for St. Paul or St. John."

"I know that you would most heartily condemn any approach toward ritualism."

"Certainly; and the best thing that can be said on that point is the late letter of Bishop M'Ilvaine."

"I have read it; in which he cordially disapproves of the display of ecclesiastical millinery or Romish devices of any sort within Protestant churches."

"That letter should be published in all languages and held before all people as a note of alarm throughout Christendom; but it is so wrong to allow Catholicism to claim as its

emblem that which belongs to us, even from the beginning. See, too, how they pervert this sign. There are in this degenerate day eleven varieties of the symbol. The original and most common form is called the Latin Cross, or the Cross of Jesus and the Evangelists, but, forsooth, this with double transverse arm must be borne before Archbishops, while before the Pope the triple cross is carried."

"Is it not true that ignorant persons have worn it as a talisman?"

"Yes, on supposition that Satan flees at sight of it; and while the illiterate among Christian nations regard it highly, so, on the other hand, poets and painters have made use of it as a subject for song and picture; and what an element of power is it in either! Did ever you see a painting more exquisite than 'Faith at the Cross,' or read a poem fuller of comfort than 'Via Crucis, via Lucis?'"

"Tell me, now, about the cross of flowers I see unfinished beside the Madonna."

"It is simply my reminder of Christ," she replied, bringing it forward and placing it upon her easel, at the same time dipping her brush into a blush of carmine upon the pallet. "By the way, my friend, are you not glad that so many people are putting these memorials of Christian life into their homes? Mrs. Fales has an exquisite thing. It is a cross of *cera alba*, perfect in proportion; from one arm depends to the ground some trailing fuchsias, and on the other is a luminous crown of immortelles, all of marble whiteness, and preserved under a shade of glass. It was made by her friend, Sarah, a heavenly-minded girl, with so pure an expression in her face that such work seems to come naturally from her hands. You must go with me to see it."

"I will; but yours is beautiful, and must be full of significance; explain it to me. I have never seen so many flowers woven into a *crux immixta*. Mrs. Johnson's, of camelias, is unique; but yours is so varied."

"I have intended to gather here all those flowers set apart to Christ, either by himself or by those who loved him in the early ages. This, in the center, is *le grande monarque*—the glowing Narcissus; with cup-shaped corona, and in color dazzling as the golden apples of the Hesperides, known in olden time as the Rose of Sharon; and, immediately beneath, with nodding, bell-shaped blossoms, are the lilies of the valley, combining strength and beauty with the sweetest humility."

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys."

"And here is the passion-flower, with its

transverse pistils and crown of thorn-like stamens, said to have bloomed in Palestine when the Savior was dying, and whose significant language also gives it a place here, 'I smile as I suffer.'"

"Beautiful emblem of the patience of Christ! I seem to hear him say, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!'"

"And on either side of it are the white, corymbose racemes of the 'Star of Bethlehem,' closed during the day, but opened full in the early dawn, and its import is 'Guidance.'"

"Truly do flowers seem 'the alphabet of angels.'"

"And the groundwork, you see, is a running vine, the cypress twining with the pomegranate, the deep-green leaves of the one relieving the scarlet blossoms of the other, and they betoken sorrow and love, the two great features of the Savior's passion. 'Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?'"

"Our Lord said, 'I am the Vine.'"

"This which I am painting now, you perceive, is the first faint blush of the apple-blossom, for, 'As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight.'"

"What are these branches intersecting at the summit?"

"The palm and the olive—the symbols of victory and peace."

"For, upon Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem the multitude cast boughs of the palm before him."

"Yes, and the Mount of Olives was his favorite resort, for upon its slopes have he and his disciples sat while he delivered parables; in its groves has he retired to pray, and in the garden at its foot did he in agony prepare the way for the Gospel of peace."

"Dear Mrs. Payson, I want to add a little remembrance to this charming memorial. Please place for me two aspen leaves among the rest. You know the beautiful legend connected with that tree?"

"Tell it me."

"When Christ was bearing his cross to Calvary, it is said that amidst the general mourning of Nature all the trees of the wood bent their heads in sorrow save the aspen, but, after he had passed fully by, it was so stricken with remorse that ever after its leaves trembled with sadness. It is but a fable, but put them in, and let them be near the foot of the cross."

"I will, dear friend."

"Right here I am so reminded, and can hardly tell why, of Longfellow's poem of 'San-



dalaphon, the Angel of Prayer'—these few lines especially:

'From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
And weary with dragging the crosses,  
Too heavy for mortals to bear.  
And he gathers their prayers, as he stands,  
And they change into flowers in his hands,  
Into garlands of purple and red;  
And, beneath the great arch of the portal,  
Thro' the streets of the City Immortal,  
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.'

"Beautiful thought, in most exquisite poetry, and, if you recollect, in the same poem, allusion is made to 'the golden pomegranates of Eden?'"

"I do; and standing here, looking at this cross of flowers, I see in it yet deeper significance. These blossoms foretell fruit, and the contemplation of the Savior's death should bring forth in our souls all graces of the Spirit. When the Savior said, 'I am the Vine,' he added, 'Ye are the branches;' and did you ever notice that the body itself does not bear fruit, but it is the branches that must yield increase to the glory of the Vine?"

"And may you and I become as abundant in good works as the vineyards of En-gedi in clusters, or, like the rich globes of the pomegranate-vine, 'perfume all airs that touch its shining sphere!' I love to think of its ancient richness of growth, the glory of its flower, and the perfection of its fruit; and whenever I read the fifteenth chapter of John am reminded of

'That plant so knit, by subtle chain,  
To all the balm of southern zones,  
To th' incense of the eastern thrones,  
The tinkling hem of Aaron's train.'

So, then, I passed out of my gate Beautiful, and fell to musing, and the very next day, choosing from an art-gallery the simplest reminder of the Savior that could be found in it, placed it in our cozy library—the room Orient, as we sometimes say, for the sunrise comes to us first there.

This little memorial gem is a mound emerging from the mouth of a crystal fern-shell, made of real seaweed, purple, brown, and ashen-hued, and starred all over with blossoms of amaranth and berries of juniper, and from the mound goes up a cross formed of tiny, rose-tinted shells, just the faintest shadowing forth of Calvary; and my eye never rests upon it now but with the glance comes this prayer, Lord, keep me evermore at the FOOT OF THY CROSS!

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.—*Burton.*

## GENIUS.

BY REV. H. JOHNSTON, D. D.

WHAT genius is we can scarcely define. The world delights to do it homage, rejoices in its manifestations, and yet can not tell in what it consists. It is known and perceived only by its developments in action and in thought. Every age has its controlling spirits—men of transcendent powers, who stand up as prodigies among their fellows, who, by the mere strength of their natural parts, achieve wonders, and, dying, leave behind them monuments of their greatness. They are called *men of genius*, and the world worships them.

Genius is a mystery to itself, and no wonder that a quality so subtle and impalpable was regarded by the ancients as an unseen guide and guardian spirit, "presiding over man's being and shaping his destiny." It is an energy of the intellect, surpassing that of ordinary men—an uncommon aptitude for a particular pursuit—the power of doing great things by an inherent native force. This strong quality of the mind is received from nature, and is the result of conformation. Genius is a divine gift, the splendid donation of Heaven. It is "a spark struck from the burning essence of its God."

Taste is essential to genius, but genius includes taste. Taste is the power of judging; genius is the power of executing. Taste can be attained; genius is an "incommunicable gift." We may "acquire a taste," but we can not acquire a genius.

Talent is the power to become familiar with various branches of knowledge; genius is a superior, innate power in a particular department of science or art. Talent must acknowledge its obligations to education, but genius is independent of culture. Genius is intense and dazzling, and, borne along on the full tide of inspiration, gains sublime heights; talent is clear and steady, has no inspirations, makes not sudden leaps, but arduously, toilingly climbs up to its goal. Genius startles; talent guides. Genius discovers; talent elaborates.

"The one gets wisdom as the flower gets hue,  
The other hives it as the toiling bee."

The one is imparted to the few, the other is the birthright of the race. Talent is capacity, the power of acquiring and holding; genius is creative, the power of calling into existence. Franklin was a man of talent, of clear understanding, of extensive erudition, of great and persevering industry; Galileo was a man of

genius, who made wonderful discoveries and inventions in an age little favorable to study and inquiry. Capacity and genius, it is true, are not separated from each other by an "impassable gulf," for the highest order of talent seems lost in the effulgence of genius; yet, between them there is a clearly-defined line of demarkation which we have endeavored to point out.

Genius has various characteristics, foremost among which stands attention. This has been called the soul of genius. "Genius," says Helvetius, "is nothing but a continued attention." Every man of genius has had a remarkable power of abstraction. Socrates was seen to stand a whole day and night, motionless and absorbed in thought. "Archimedes was so lost in geometrical meditation that he was first aware of the storming of Syracuse by his own death wound, and his exclamation, on the entrance of the Roman soldiers, was 'Noli turbare circulos meos.'" Newton was known to sit for twelve hours, half-dressed, on the edge of his bed, arrested in rising by some master-theme. And that great philosopher has modestly said, "Whatever I have done is due to patient and continued thought."

Closely allied to attention is fervent enthusiasm.

The man of genius lives only in the circle of thought relating to his character. His whole being is concentrated into a burning enthusiasm with his pursuit. He idolizes it; it shapes his dreams by night, and is his only thought by day; and with soul all on fire he gives forth "thoughts that breathe," "words that burn," and performs deeds that go rolling in music down the centuries.

Another distinguishing characteristic of genius is originality. It has a generating power. It is the creator, not the creature. It does not affect to be original, it can not help it. It must stamp its own individual character upon whatever it touches. It is productive; not the "standing pool," but the broad flood pouring forth its deep waters; not the star shining with borrowed luster, but the bright sun flinging its radiance over mountain and valley, and filling the world with its splendor.

Genius is not dependent for its existence upon surrounding circumstances. It is not the product of external objects or events. Poverty is not a condition of genius. True, Socrates went barefooted; Bacon was poor; Shakspeare was the son of a butcher; Cervantes finished his work, a maimed soldier and in prison; the *Aracana*, Spain's Epic, was written on scraps of leather, as the sailor-soldier snatched any

moment from his incessant drudgery; but Byron and Moore, and many others who have left us the brilliant donations of genius, were reared in affluence. This shows conclusively that want is not the necessary condition of intellectual preëminence. The struggle to live may develop the strength of genius. Just as the storm that "scatters the acorns" more firmly roots the oak; but, at most, it can only stimulate its energies, arouse its powers, draw out its forces, and hasten its culmination. The reason why so many great men have been and are poor, lies in the fact that they were and are poorly adapted to succeed in the world, and is not because poverty is necessary to genius.

In many cases great mental power is linked to a poor existence, and not a few, possessed of finer feelings and endowments, have had to struggle with pain as though this were given in return for their superior gifts. Before our mind's vision rises a Hall, over whose being was cast the mantle of suffering, and who never knew one waking hour free from extreme pain. But this was not a condition of his greatness; he was great *in spite* of feebleness of health. Mental superiority is not a departure from a healthy equilibrium; a sound body is not incompatible with a giant intellect. Physical weakness sometimes gives a mighty impulse to genius, and pain often deepens, sharpens, strengthens, and heightens it; but it is of too ethereal an origin to be the child of infirmity.

Nor is singularity or eccentricity inseparable from genius. Certain it is, that independence and originality of thought is the universal test of genius, the philosopher's stone of mental alchemy; yet, though eccentricity and error be connected with it, they do not arise from it. Genius may be so self-absorbed as, like Archimedes, to be insensible of what is passing around him, or, like Newton, not to know when he has taken his meals; but this is not what we mean by eccentricity. The most commonplace mediocrity may be as eccentric as great superiority, and the erratic career of many of brilliant endowments can only be regarded as among the follies of the wise and the littleness of the great.

Many think that genius is "to madness allied." Goldsmith was called "an inspired idiot;" Cowper and Swift were not sane; Chatterton and the grandly-gifted Miller committed suicide in a state of insanity. But while a few of the great have fallen victims to this most terrible of calamities, how many thousands of the unnoticed and the unknown have been swallowed up in the same vortex of ruin? We admit that there is in genius a liability to ex-

cess of exertion; the mind, forgetful of the weakness of its vehicle, the frailty of the earthly casket, heeds not the warnings of nature—the head hot and burning, digestion imperfect, the night sleepless—but toils on, and on, and on, till the strain is too great for the delicate mechanism; the bridge connecting mind with matter is broken down, and the soul, bereft of reason, sits in solitude and sadness, a prey to the grim specters of despair. This, however, does not prove that there is a connection between genius and insanity. It only shows that mind and body are so intimately connected that whatever impairs the one deranges the other, and may separate their intercourse for all time.

Genius may be uncultivated and undisciplined by study. An example of this we have in Homer, "the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle." His immeasurable flights, his vast conceptions of thought and sallies of imagination, are all untamed and unbroken by the rules of art; and yet his *Iliad* is pronounced the greatest production of human intellect. Shakspeare, "high-priest of all the muses' mysteries," owed little to industry and design. He was

"Fancy's child,  
Warbling his native wood-notes wild."

The comic designs of Hogarth are unstudied and perfect in their naturalness. Correggio, who has given us the most delicate and exquisite works of artistic genius, lived and died in an obscure village. Bunyan, the "tinker of Bedford jail," was unlearned, and yet he has given to the world an allegory so full, so clear, so beautiful, and so perfect, that no one has since dared to touch upon the same subject. We do not mean to say that these were not men of observation and study. No; genius can not soar in vacuum any more than can the eagle; it must have material upon which to work. They were earnest, devoted students of nature, but they had not the advantages of mental discipline.

Others there are who have submitted the greatness of their natural parts to the corrections and restraints of art. Such a man was Bacon, and such was Milton. His "*Paradise Lost*" is the most learned poem in the world. It is a grand thesaurus of lore. He mastered all knowledge, and then, laden with the intellectual spoils of centuries, and "praying the Eternal Spirit to send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire off his altar to touch and purify his lips," commenced his work, and wrote, "not for an age, but for all time."

Education can not supply the defects of genius, or inspire it when wanting, but serves to correct its wanderings and direct its energies.

Uncultivated genius is a fertile soil, spontaneously yielding plants and flowers, and "weeds as beautiful as flowers;" cultivated genius is that same rich soil, cleared of rubbish, laid out into walks and gardens, cut into shapes of beauty, and yielding fragrant flowers and golden fruit. Like the *Andes*, carrying all zones, it extends from a peculiar bent of mind, by which one is fitted for some special avocation, to the highest grandeur of invention in the sublimest subjects. And diversified as are the degrees of genius is the variety of endowments. It is of as many kinds as the mental powers have modes of exertion and application.

There is a genius for mathematics and mechanics. Euclid feeds on numbers and dimensions; Kepler, Newton, and La Place solve theorems which ever since have been applied to guide the astronomer through the heavens and the navigator over the trackless deep. Watt perfects the steam-engine and Fulton applies it, and thus they revolutionize the mechanical and commercial world.

There is a genius for philosophy, physical and mental. Ferguson, while a boy tending his father's sheep, with thread and beads, marks out accurately the position of the stars. Herschel from musician turns astronomer, constructs a telescope, and "by the energy of his own mind, and the labor of his own hands, does more for the prosecution of astronomical discovery than all the sovereigns of Europe combined."

A Plato, a Leibnitz, a Cousin, a Stewart, and a Hamilton, roused into metaphysical speculation, investigate the phenomena of the human mind; decipher the marvels of the inner world; rescue from the dominion of ignorance the noblest part of our nature, and give a sublimer interpretation to our destiny.

There is a genius for war and politics. Cromwell, by his consummate military genius, "gains more laurels and does more wonders in nine months than any age or history can parallel." Washington, as a soldier, had an ability adequate to the requirements of any emergency; and, as a statesman, was the sagacious master-builder who laid broad and deep the foundations, and reared the stately superstructure of the Republic of the New World. Napoleon, like a mighty giant, started up to awe and rule the world. He was born to command and to direct the destinies of nations. He conceived a method of warlike tactics entirely new, and his brilliant success was but the results of the plannings of a military genius.

There is the poetic genius. Poetry has in it something sacred and divine; it is "itself a thing of God." Poets are the rulers of our



spirits. They come with upheaving hearts and merry voice to tell of life, with its yearnings and hopes, its sorrow and joy, and give forth songs that thrill the heart, and fill the world with their grandeur.

There is the genius of oratory. This is the highest gift of intellect. Whitefield swayed millions by the spell of his speech. Chalmers was so mighty in eloquence that at the close of his sermons a deep sigh or gasp for breath was always heard throughout the entire concourse. Summerfield traversed the Atlantic shores, preaching the Gospel with the inspiration of the Spirit and the tongue of an angel; and, by the poetry of thought, the pathos of feeling, the play of fancy, the force of argument, and the irresistible appeal, awoke thousands to the new and heavenly life.

Time and space fail us in mentioning names resplendent with indisputable genius in music, statuary, painting, and the thousand pursuits in life.

We have shown that genius is not created by circumstances or agencies, but is a birth into the world. It is a distinct organization of mental forces, a fever whose delirium enchants the world, a lyre that has filled the earth with its music. But there is a higher power than this—the power of goodness. Genius is an inspiration not bestowed upon common minds; the higher bestowment may be enjoyed by all. We value an endowment in proportion to its distinctive character—we delight in it as it distinguishes us from all others; but this is a false estimate. Power is valuable not as an end, but as the means to an end. Of all power, then, none is so great, so high, as goodness, for none attains so noble an end. The world is laid under obligations to genius, in the marvels of human ingenuity; but "to be good, and to do good," is Christ-like, is God-like, and lifts us and those around us to the light, and glory, and blessedness of heaven. While we do homage to genius and its Titanic efforts, let us not undervalue the higher power of truth and love. Moral power is the "power above powers," the gift of the Spirit, and the glory of humanity.

THOUGH the world is wide enough for every one to take a little, and there appears no reason why we should jostle and make one another unhappy as we pass along, yet so it is, we are continually thwarting and crossing each other at right angles; and some lose all memory of the temper that governed at first setting out.

### ABOVE THE STORM.

BY REV. H. D. WARDWELL.

THE eagle's seaward flight is high,  
Above the mountain's misty shroud;  
Above the castles of the cloud  
He cleaves the abysses of the sky,  
Where weaker pinions never fly.

From the dark center of the storm  
Flames the red lightning's sudden fire;  
To scathe him gleams no bolt of ire—  
Bathed in the sunlight, bright and warm,  
No shadow rests upon his form.

It is his privilege to soar  
Above the tempest's angry march,  
Unharm'd; and o'er the rainbow's arch,  
And high o'er summits grand and old,  
And o'er the ocean's store unroll'd.

Thus souls, of God's pure Spirit born,  
Above the bolts of passion's strife,  
Behold the light of endless life,  
The glories of immortal morn,  
That the fair hills of bliss adorn!

The changes of this earthly scene,  
The tears, the smiles, the hopes, the fears,  
That mark the transit of the years,  
Sometimes Faith's heavenward gaze may screen,  
And grief-dark clouds may intervene—

But oft 't will catch the distant glow  
Of greater lights. Celestial gales  
Come wafted from immortal vales,  
Where heaven's eternal anthems flow,  
From souls redeemed from every woe!

### SPRING.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

WELCOME, bright, ethereal Spring!  
With thy joyous, rustling wing  
Comes the soothing April showers,  
Waking up the sleeping flowers.  
Robin red-breast, on the spray,  
Chants again his tender lay.

Long amid the blinding snows,  
Compass'd round with Win'try woes  
To the heart of want and care  
Thou hast been a vision fair;  
Little cold and naked feet  
Wait'd for thy coming sweet.

Nature, in thy genial breath,  
Loos'd her robe of seeming death,  
And with beauty, skill, and care,  
Decks herself with jewels rare,  
Thrilling woodland, bower, and plain,  
With her free and happy strain.



## GABRIELLE MENTONINI.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE REFORMATION IN VENICE.

I WAS standing one bright morning admiring the many beauties of the church and the piazza of San Marco, and watching the pigeons which come down daily to be fed as the clock strikes twelve, when my attention was directed to a beautiful little creature among the rest, entirely white, perched on the bars of a grated window.

"It is not the first time a pigeon has gone to that window," said the man who was feeding them; "for in times long ago one of those little creatures used to bring words of comfort to an imprisoned husband from a broken-hearted wife."

My curiosity was aroused. I knew full well how full of strange incident was the history of this city of the sea. I asked the man to tell me the tale to which he referred. This he readily consented to do, and pacing up and down the beautiful Riva degli Schiavoni, he narrated to me the following true tale. I have since found fuller records of it, but the few touching incidents, which form the chief interest of the narrative, I first heard as they had probably been handed down in unwritten tradition from generation to generation.

It was long ago, in the cruel times of the Inquisition. Gabrielle and her husband, Vincenzo Metonini, had learned the "Nuova Fede," the new faith of the Reformation, from some Vaudois who had taken refuge in Venice from the persecutions then raging in Piedmont. There were many in those times whose eyes were opened to see the wickedness of the priests, who, under the name of religion, deluded and robbed the people, and who urged the Government to put down "the heretics," as they termed those who worshiped God in spirit and in truth.

Gabrielle was a high-born Venetian, celebrated for her beauty and her virtues. Like many of her countrywomen, so different from those of other parts of Italy, she was fair, and her long tresses of blonde hair set off her bright and pleasing countenance. She had a clear, sweet voice, which she used in singing the hymns then for the first time heard, when the followers of the new faith assembled to praise God for the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It was in the Fall season, when masking and revelry were at their height. Gabrielle and her husband had assembled their fellow-worshippers in a room at the back of their apartments, for the exercise of their religious duties.

On the previous day had been celebrated the

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gorgeous ceremony of the espousals of the Adriatic, and the "Bucentaur" had sailed with its majestic freight amid the loud *evvivas* of the Venetians, than whom none better like all pageants of a showy character. Through the perfidy of one of the servants of the Mentonini, who thought to gain favor with his priest, was revealed the circumstance of the religious meetings of the "Nuova Fede" at the house of Gabrielle and others. Thus the truth had become known to the priest, who was a minor inquisitor, and priest of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

Venice at this time was suffering from the failure of a political plot, and the names of some of the first families of the republic were whispered as having taken part in it; and when for want of proof against them, the family of Gabrielle and her husband were acquitted of that, up rose the grand inquisitor, and denounced them as having received the new doctrines, and practiced them to the detriment of the holy Catholic Church. True, the husband of Gabrielle was not included in the numbers who died of starvation in the dungeons of the Doge's Palace, nor was he one of the many who were executed as forming one of the conspiracy discovered by Jaffiero; but when, five months after this dreadful time, the Doge and nobles went in solemn mockery in state to return thanks for the downfall of the conspiracy, we shall see in all this rejoicing where was Vincenzo Mentonini.

## II.

The service is over, in which all have joined in blessing God for his mercy, all have been solemnly commended to the care of the Shepherd of Israel, and the little family are seated at their five o'clock supper, "cena," when a loud knocking, or rather bumping against the gondolier post, and the cry, "Stali! lega!" told that the man had tied his boat to the post. Gabrielle, always alive to danger-signals, went on to the balcony to see whose gondola had approached the house.

On looking down she was immediately signaled by a young man, whom she recognized as having been at one time barcajuolo, or gondolier, to her husband's father, who, upon seeing her, quickly made a sign that he would come up to her.

"What has brought you here in such a hurry, Antonio?" said Gabrielle, as, with the instinctive knowledge of some new trouble, she moved to her husband's side.

"O, signora! I know not how to tell you; but your name and that of your husband are de-

nounced for heresy, and the familiars of the Inquisition are perhaps even now on their way to you: O, dear padrona, what is to be done?"

The husband, and well-nigh father, turned toward his suffering wife, and with one arm gathered her to his bosom, while with the other he pointed to a party of officials, among which was a priest, who had just landed from a gondola.

In a moment all books were put away. It is no less true than remarkable, that a Bible in MS., which was read among those few persons upon whom the light of Divine truth had shone, was carried about at that very time from house to house, by the MS. being unbound, and the sheets disposed about the body, under the flowing dress of the period, and so hidden from sight. Enough had been seen, however, to cause the arrest of Vincenzo Mentonini on account of the meetings held at his house.

Poor Gabrielle saw her husband led away by the men who had denounced him, and could not think why she had not been also taken; but the republican laws at this period considered women as hardly responsible, and consequently Gabrielle was left behind. Vincenzo was the culprit; upon him must fall the vengeance of those who were angry because the dawn of a new life was breaking, which would dispel the night-clouds which hid the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness from a priest-ridden world. Although a dreadful and agonizing death, preceded by the curiously cruel tortures of the holy Inquisition, was in twenty cases out of twenty-one sure to ensue, it is indeed sweet to remember what a number of stanch men and women at this early period of the Reformation braved the horrors of the stake, thus adding their names to the noble army of martyrs in heaven, whose names give courage to their suffering brothers on earth.

### III.

Arrived at his prison, poor Mentonini's first thought was to get an order for his wife to have permission to see him; but although he besought it even with tears, it was sternly refused. For these first weeks of his imprisonment, poor Gabrielle had no other means of making known her state to her beloved husband than by the gondolier. It is a pleasing and interesting fact that to the sharpness of the gondolieri many unhappy prisoners and otherwise separated people have owed their knowledge of each other's fate. It is a general thing that all these men sing as they propel their boats over the bright waters of the Laguna. On this, as well as on many similar occasions, Antonio, the gondolier, after having been told what

Gabrielle had to say to her unhappy husband, in his rude way sang the message as he passed slowly under the windows where the husband, and now father, stood anxiously awaiting to hear the sounds of the boatman.

At length the "Stali, premi!" was heard, and then, after this had been done to draw the attention of Vincenzo, Antonio began to chant what may be translated as follows:

"The wife is now mother, and the little one cries for its beloved father. What will she do? what will she say? The night is without stars, and the day without light, till the master returns, in faith and honor. Say to me something for your son—something to his heart, which weeps day and night for the love he has not!"

Antonio did not cease singing these few touching words till he saw a hand thrust through the gratings, and a stone, around which was a piece of paper, whereon was pricked with a pin—for poor Mentonini had no pencil—these words: "Give God thanks, and do not weep for me, for if I am not; God has sent you one to protect you in the years to come. Love of my heart, my precious god-gift, addio."

Antonio soon saw and gladly secured the treasure. When the poor wife read the message, she looked upon her son, who to her loving eyes seemed the very image of his absent father, and her dearly-loved husband. Her new joy gave hope to her heart, and she felt that her husband would be restored to her. Poor Gabrielle!

Months had passed on, and still there was no hope of Mentonini's release. A new mode of intercourse had been formed between the husband and wife; his child he had never seen, for all intercourse with the world without was strictly forbidden, but a carrier-pigeon had been trained, and among its flying brethren was not for a length of time noticed. Very dear were the messages of love and consolation thus interchanged between them. But this was not to last; for on going one morning to the balcony, as usual, to feed the little creature, Gabrielle was surprised not to hear its cooing welcome, when, looking at the nest, there lay the little bird, dead and covered with blood, while on its breast was a paper, on which was written "mai piu"—no more.

Poor Gabrielle! what could she do; she thought of one thing and then another, till she remembered that a friend of her mother had the last week entered on a new suit of apartments directly opposite the prison, where her dear husband had now lain for months, without the look of love from one of his own. "Surely God supported me," said he, in one of his

written missives to his wife, before the death of their little messenger, "or else I must have died for the want of seeing you, my own life, but for the blessed trust I have in my heart that all is well with those who have Jesus for their friend. He will not let me have more to bear than is fit, and when it is most heavy, and the tears which wisdom has taught me to keep in my heart unshed begin to flow, there is a Divine hand which wipes them away."

Gabrielle was fortunate in procuring rooms in the large hotel-like house where her friend was already located, and to her inexpressible joy she found that at a certain hour of the day her husband, with others, was promenaded in a large saloon, which seemed to serve as a kind of recreation-place. 'T is true she could only see the top of his head as he walked, but to her who had so besought to see him only once, and had been denied, this was a boon indeed.

It was a melancholy sight, and yet beautiful, to see Gabrielle with her infant on her lap, hours before the time she could possibly see her husband, as he passed up and down on his dreary walk of so-called recreation; yet there she sat holding the tiny hands of her baby in her own, and thinking, with how much sorrow let every mother say, that her babe had never received a father's kiss, or a father's blessing. But then she would remember for whose sacred name her husband and herself were suffering, and she prayed earnestly for faith and patience to bear the cross her Father's hand had laid upon her; and then a calmer frame of mind would succeed, and she was filled with spiritual peace and consolation.

Other months passed by, and Gabrielle's baby was now a twelvemonth old. Her husband had been twice before the Grand Inquisitor; and on refusing to tell who had instructed him in the doctrines of the "Nuova Fede," he had been subjected to the trials of the torture-chamber. And now he suffered so greatly, that only the remembrance of One who had suffered, and who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, gave him strength to endure his bodily pain; for he seemed to hear mingling with the accents of the rude storm about him: "It is I, be not afraid," and then as the countersign, "Peace, be still."

Mentonini's trial was put off time after time, for at this period arose a fierce political discontent in Venice against the then Doge, and men's minds were so taken up with what was to them of more consequence than the matters of religion, that it seemed that Vincenzo Mentonini would die of grief and the want of God's good gifts of light and air. To his patient and long-

suffering wife, Gabrielle, time had brought many and accumulated sufferings. We have said that at a certain hour of the day she could, in her new apartment, see just the head of her husband as he walked daily in his prison. Lately a new distress had arisen—the constant straining of her eyes at one particular place, for long before the hour of his recreation Gabrielle was at her post of observation, had brought on a dimness of vision which troubled her very much. The physician had forbidden her to use her eyes, and ordered her to keep over them a covering of Venetian silk, which would shield her from the too great light. But what could hinder the loving and desolate wife from her daily morsel of consolation? Talking with her mother, who endeavored to console her, she said: "Madre mia cara, let me watch but these few hours, and I will afterward hide my poor head where you please to tell me; but believe me I could not live through the day, for without that sorrowful joy my heart would break; and again, after I have seen his dear hand—O, how thin it has become! and how gray that dear, noble head!—I can pray, resting on the promises, faithful and true, of my Savior, and try to say, 'Even so, Father, for so it seems good in thy sight.'" But we must give the remainder of this thrilling narrative next month.

#### THE FIRST FLOWER OF SPRING.

BY REV. JAMES STEPHENSON.

WELCOME, welcome, little stranger,  
With thy petals bright and fair,  
Dost thou not thyself endanger  
In the chilly April air?

Why should mother earth thus rear thee  
In this solitary wild,  
With no kindred flow'rets near thee,  
Seeming like an orphan child?

Dost thou love the forest quiet,  
Where the oaks majestic rise,  
That thou bloomest ever nigh it?  
Or the haunts of men despise?

No! thou hast a social feature,  
Friendship in thy face of snow;  
Man has turned away from nature,  
And thou wilt not with him go.

As above what Autumn faded,  
By its death-winds, cold and drear,  
As above what Winter shaded  
Thou in beauty dost appear;

So we look for resurrection  
From the darkness of the tomb,  
And a heavenly perfection,  
When the glorious Christ shall come.

## THE LITTLE IN NATURE.

BY HON. G. P. DISOSWAY.

"We admire the tower-bearing shoulders of the elephants and the necks of the bulls, the roaring of tigers and the manes of the lions—but Nature is never more complete than in her smallest animals."—*Pliny*.

I ADMIRE insects the more, because they exhibit three separate stages of existence, the larva—caterpillar, or grub; pupa—chrysalis; and imago, or perfect animals. Among the ancient Greeks, these typified immortality, answering to the motto of "Resurgam," upon modern coats of arms. Exquisitely minute as some animalcules have been discovered, they possess numerous stomachs, distinct vision, with acute taste. So wonderfully formed are they that 80,000 extremities have been counted in a peculiar species of the sea-star—27,000 lenses in the eye of a dragon-fly—and 500,000 infusoria have been found by a micrometer in a single drop of water. Then they are so universal that not a spray of the sea, a drop of rain, or even of vegetable or animal fluid, but what is crowded with these minute creatures.

Magnitudes are all relative. We know the size of the earth on which we tread, and yet, so small is it in the general scale of the boundless universe—an area,

"Without dimensions, where length, breadth, and height,  
And time and place, are lost"—

that by no instrument invented can men detect that one point of our earth is nearer or more distant from what are called the fixed stars than another! In fact, we only occupy a speck of the universe comparatively not larger than a grain of sand upon the ocean's shore!

THE GLOW-WORM—*Lampyrus Noctiluca*.

Luminous insects have often attracted the notice of poets, their tinted lights and brilliancy, with the Summer evening scenery, affording subjects for beautiful descriptions.

Darwin, in his "Loves of the Plants," thus describes the fire-fly:

"So shines the glow-fly, when the sun retires,  
And gems the night air with phosphoric fires."

Thomson, in his "Seasons," notices an Oriental phenomenon of this kind in Siam:

"From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines  
With insect lamps."—*Summer*.

Southey, in his poem of "Madoc," speaks of the beautiful fire-fly of St. Domingo:

"She beckoned and descended, and drew out,  
From underneath her vest, a cage, or net

It rather might be called, so fine the twigs  
Which knit it, where, confined, two fire-flies gave  
Their luster; by that light did Madoc first  
Behold the features of his faithful guide."

In the same poem we find another elegant and faithful description:

"Sorrowing we beheld  
The night come on, but soon it did display  
More wonders than it veiled; innumerable tribes  
From the wood-cover swarm, and darkness made  
Their beauties visible; one while they streamed,  
A light-blue radiance, upon flowers that closed  
Their gorgeous colors to the eye of day;  
Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,  
Self-shrouded, and anon, starring the sky,  
Rose like a shower of fire."

## Loves of the Plants.

The fire-flies of the West Indies are far more luminous than the glow-worm, and in the mountainous parts of the larger islands they become innumerable, filling the air on all sides, like so many living stars, to the great astonishment and admiration of the new traveler to that country.

The glow-worm's lamp has often been the theme of the poet's song. Shakspeare, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, says,

"The honey-bags from the humble-bees,  
And for night-tapers cross their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes."

Act iii, scene 1.

The great poet here makes a mistake, for the light proceeds from the *tail*, and not from the head of the insect.

In *Hamlet* he again introduces this insect, and it would seem incorrectly as to sex:

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire."

Act i, scene 3.

The glow-worm we admire is the female, and chiefly luminous. It is a flat, grayish-brown creature, rather more than half an inch long, without wings; the lower parts are tinged with rose-color, and its two or three last joints of a pale, whitish, sulphur hue, with slight green, whence the phosphoric light proceeds. The male, on the contrary, is active, and flies well. If the luminous portion be removed it will retain for some time the illuminating power. A glow-worm immersed in warm water still emits the brilliant light, but if cold its light is extinguished.

I write on a damp morning, when the busy little flies are, as some people call them, "very annoying," and so they may be, but we should never suppose that there is any thing in the world entirely useless. There may, indeed, be certain things in the world which to our view



have no useful end, but undoubtedly even such serve the purposes which the wise, great Creator designed them. Our knowledge is weak and limited, but the omniscient Providence which governs our world extends itself to the smallest creatures, and who can safely say this or that is absolutely useless?

There is much to be learned in the history of the little fly-insect. Flies useless! The *tracheia* are an active diurnal class, frequently adorned with gay colors, soft bodies, and to this tribe belongs the blister, or Spanish fly, so important for medicinal purposes, under the name of *Cantharides*. They are common in the South of Europe, and the best come from Spain, where the largest numbers have been taken and have great commercial value.

What child does not remember the dragon-flies, so numerous in our land? They are commonly called the devil's darning-needles, and sometimes spinners. Often do we watch them in their rapid flight over rivers, ponds, and meadows, alighting for a moment, and then shooting away again. Beautifully colored, they present a peculiarly light and airy appearance. Exceedingly voracious, however, they become among insects what the eagle and hawk are with other birds. Although formidable to the minute creatures of their own class, they are perfectly harmless to man, and even useful, for they destroy clouds of gnats and other troublesome insects. If a few dragon-flies be shut up in a room for a short time, they will exterminate the musketoes and flies, just as the toads will clear it of cockroaches and the like.

The *Ephemerida* are the day-flies, and the little insect named *Ephemeron*—that is, half a day—is so called from its short life in the form of a fly. It is one of the most beautiful species among the minute creations, undergoing not less than five transformations. At first the egg contains the vital principle; secondly, a caterpillar proceeds from this egg; thirdly, this is transformed into a chrysalis; fourthly, this becomes a nymph; and, fifthly, this terminates in a fly. Now this insect, laying her eggs in the water, the heat of the sun hatches them, a very small red worm coming from each one, which has a serpentine motion. During the whole Summer these may be seen in abundance among the marshes and ponds, but when the Winter begins to be cold the new-born worm weaves itself a little shield for Winter quarters.

Now, it ceases to be a worm toward the end of the Winter, entering into the third or chrysalis state, and sleeping during the Spring, till by degrees it becomes a beautiful nymph, a sort of mummy, something of a fish-form. But the

day approaches for another change, when, in about six hours, the head, making its appearance, rises by degrees above the surface of the water. Next, the body slowly disengages itself from its Wintery sheath, and the new-born fly falls upon the water, remaining some minutes motionless. Soon, however, reviving, its wings move feebly, next quickly, and then the little insect flies. These minute creatures are all hatched nearly at the same moment, and hence will be seen in swarms, and sporting upon the face of the water for a few hours. After this they lay their eggs, and shortly they fall down and die. Thus is their short life terminated in five or six hours, and they never survive the day on which they were born. They generally make their appearance in such countless swarms, for two or three evenings, that the effect produced by one white-winged species has been compared to a fall of snow in appearance. By the next morning these May insects are found in heaps, dead upon the shores. They swarm about the waters of Holland, France, and Switzerland, and we have several species of the May-flies in this country.

These minute creatures all die, but remember, nothing perishes in Nature! Things are only decomposed to appear under some new form, and become a part of some new creation. Take a handful of the dust you tread on, and you perhaps destroy a kingdom, the lives of millions of insects, its inhabitants. Every creature answers the end of its formation in some particular way, and according to the divine purposes of the Almighty Architect. Very like the wheels of a well-regulated watch, some go fast, others slower, but all, moved by the main-spring, tend directly or indirectly to the end of their formation. The *Ephemeron* fly, which has lived on the earth only twelve hours, has more perfectly accomplished the purposes of its creation than the man of fourscore years who passes his days and nights in folly, unbelief, and sin!

The mere consideration of the eyes in different animals is sufficient to demonstrate the infinite wisdom with which the Almighty has formed his creatures. All have not the sense of sight in the same way, and he has diversified its organs so as to best adapt them for the different kinds of animals, and the contemplation of this subject will lead to deep reflection, with the noblest mental pleasures.

The eyes of most animals seem round, but in their spherical figures there is the greatest variety. Men, with most quadrupeds, have six muscles attached to each eye, and thus they can move it from side to side. Thus, too, they

see straight before them. But with horses, oxen, sheep, and swine, there is a seventh muscle, to suspend and support the eyeball, so highly necessary while bending toward the earth in search of their food.

Flies, gnats, with similar insects, have more perfect vision than other creatures, nearly as many eyes as apertures in their cornea; and thus they can see distinctly on all sides, without the trouble of turning their eyes. Formerly the mole was supposed to be blind, but it certainly has little, black eyes, about the size of a pin's head. This animal living nearly always under the ground, it becomes necessary that the eyes should be very small, deep in the head, and covered with hair. Fish, which live in an element denser than ours, could not see any thing were not the crystalline humor almost spherical, which better collects the rays of light. They can not draw back their eyes, and have no eyelids, but the cornea, almost like a horn, preserves them from all danger. These examples, and they might be easily multiplied, plainly manifest the tender care of the Great Creator to preserve the most necessary organs, even in the most minute creations formed by his almighty hand.

### DESOLATE.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

It seems so strangely still and quiet here.  
Ah! me; I used to fret and worry so  
About the merry, glad some noise and din,  
The rattling wagons and the clattering drums,  
The boyish laugh and whistle, and the shouts  
That used to wake the echoes with their glee.  
I used to frown and sigh, when boyish feet  
In thoughtless haste came pattering from the brook,  
All damp and soiled, to leave their careless prints  
Upon the clean-scrubbed kitchen floor, and when  
Papers and paste, and knives and glittering sticks,  
Remnants of kites, were left to be removed.  
I thought, impatiently, how many hours  
Of thought and study, 'mong my dear old books,  
I might enjoy, but for these fretting cares.  
Nothing but work and toil from morn till night—  
Nothing but patch, and wash, and scrub, and bake,  
And care for those three romping, noisy boys,  
Whose wild, glad mirth made nerves and temples  
throb,  
Till, half-distracted, the wrong wish would rise  
That they had never called me "mother."

O,  
That I might kneel beside their lowly beds,  
As in the old, old years so long ago,  
And hear them say once more their little prayers,  
And feel their artless kisses on my brow,

And hear them murmur softly, half asleep,  
"Good-night, mother!" O, that I might once more  
Watch their bright heads flashing along the brook,  
Among the willows, all the glad, bright day,  
And that I might, as in those happy years,  
Watch for the little, soil-stained, sun-browned feet,  
Twinkling through the damp, dew-bespangled grass  
Along the orchard path!

Alas! no more  
Will gleam of sunny heads or twinkling feet,  
Will prayer, or kiss, or softly-lisp'd "good-night,"  
Relieve the weary pain that wears my heart.  
I sit here, in the quiet, breathless hush,  
And watch the fire-light glimmer on the wall,  
And ghostly shadows flit about the room.  
The clock ticks with a slow, monotonous tone;  
The cat purrs drowsily upon the rug;  
The dog rises and stretches, and lies down again;  
And every thing is hushed, and calm, and still.  
Naught now to call my mind from books or pen;  
No merry voices to drive thought away,  
With pleadings for a story or a song;  
No little garments, with their yawning rents;  
No little stockings, torn at heel and toe,  
And waiting to be mended; no torn kites,  
No balls to cover; no drums out of tune,  
No little childish games to improvise.  
All, all is still; and yet, with no desire  
For books, or pen, or study, I sit down  
Here, by the home-hearth glowing broad and clear,  
And fold the hands that once found little rest;  
And, looking round me, murmur drearily,  
"It seems so strangely still and quiet here,"  
For they are gone, and I am left alone.

Three locks of hair, three well-worn Testaments,  
A picture of a lovely boyish group;  
Three slender figures clad in "army blue,"  
With blooming faces, eager, flushed, and brown;  
A package of dear letters, full of words  
Of sweet endearment and warm, boyish love,  
And child-like, sweet requests for "mother's prayers;"  
Three suits of blue, folded and laid away  
Beside the little garments of the years  
So long gone by and perished—that is all,  
All that is left of them I called my boys.  
And yet I take them up and gaze at them,  
And press them to my heart, and call in vain  
Upon the names of those who come no more.  
And then I lay them softly down again,  
And sit me down and weep sad, bitter tears,  
And dream of the dead faces lying white  
And cold beneath the damp and clammy sod.

O God! the cup is bitter; yet thou knowest  
I did not grudge my country my best gift.  
Oh then while with one hand thou amitest me,  
Wilt thou not with the other raise me up?  
Help me to feel that they have gained my loss,  
And heal the sorrow of my bleeding heart!  
So shall I patiently tread life's rough way,  
Which I had hoped my boys would smooth for me;  
And when I reach the sloping shore of Time  
I shall pass fearlessly across the stream,  
And gladly go to meet my boys on high.

## THE TESTIMONY OF OUR LIFE.

BY AUGUSTA M. HUBBARD.

"There is a daily beauty in his life that makes me ugly."—IAGO.

FAR below external life lies a strange compound of ideas, principles, prejudices, and passions, some of which being equal and contrary neutralize each other, while others serve to modify, increase, or diminish the power of those which are stronger than they. Temperament will often determine the creed, and the creed adopted will often qualify the temper. All these various ideas, principles, prejudices, and dispositions, modifying each other, form the secret springs of life's external expressions. In the various forms of gesture, word, and action, external life thus becomes an illustration of the inner, and a constant testimony for or against our real selves, often telling the world, in distinct language, how false and sham is the life we are attempting to put on for public view.

You may see how different are these inner principles when educed in the vivid expression of daily conduct, by noticing the different characters of life your friends exhibit. This one seems a grand old poem, which you always connect with dim cathedral aisles; and that, a soft, sweet bit of poetry which smells of new-mown hay and water lilies. One is a perpetual thanksgiving song of glad enthusiasm; another, a sad and humble cry of constant penitence. Here is one who seems always a gay, light ditty; there, one who is to you incessantly a "vanity of vanity" song like Solomon's. One is rich and full-toned harmony; another, jarring, painful discord.

Each life has, and ought to have, its own distinctive character, its own message from the Creator. God gives us the instrument of expression. We should draw from it its appropriate music. If ours be a flute, let us not try to bring from it the marshal sounds of the drum; if an organ, never let us try to give the world the light, trivial ditties of a jewsharp.

Let each one be true to his own peculiar character, make each day an expression of his best and highest nature, and thus God shall be daily heard talking through human lives. For God does talk to every heart, and if we would only manifest our highest, and not our lowest nature, the words which have been spoken to us would become audible to others, and external life would be a long-drawn expression of God's truth. Our Father does indeed send each one of us into the world with a message to it

from himself, but imagining that some other is better than our own, we invent one to suit our own fancy, or indolently give none at all. Hence so many of our lives are failures.

Wonderful is the power which a pure and noble character exerts, even when comparatively expressionless. How simple the bearing of some men will crush in our hearts all little, unworthy feelings, and we become ourselves for the time noble from sympathy! We all know that the mere presence of different friends draws forth in us different sets of thoughts and feelings corresponding with their different characters. How aspiring we are in some men's society! How trivial in that of others! Yet we hardly realize that we have this same power ourselves of determining the predominating feelings of our associates while they are in our presence.

It is the unconscious teaching of life which is the most eloquent sermon for Christianity. The Christian must show in his life that daily beauty which condemns the world, which makes it feel, as Iago did, its ugliness, before logic and exhortation can have much effect. The child of God must carry about him every-where, through all the common, dirty world, the drapery and the atmosphere of heaven, so that whoever comes near him may feel the influence of his companionship with angels and with Jesus. Thus only will the world be convicted of the truth. Arguments can be refuted, or, when unanswerable, the heart can steel itself against them. But a holy, beautiful life has an insinuating power which can hardly be resisted. It speaks at all times, yet never is intrusive.

But, alas, how often the testimony of our individual lives and our verbal exhortations are contradictory! How often in our professions we repeat the words of a creed whose truths we practically deny! How often our lives are a visible refutation of the arguments by which we attempt to persuade men to become followers of Jesus! Dare we thus expect to be successful? A Christian ought to illustrate the holy principles he pretends to believe by the strongest confirmation which can be given—a holy example. He should make his life a constant refutation of infidelity by manifesting continually the transforming power of religion. He should make himself a daily proof of the splendid possibilities of human excellence, and, by his own sympathy, he should draw out into beautiful expression the dormant nobleness of those under his influence. Thus the imparted beauty of his own life would daily give an unanswerable testimony in favor of the religion of Jesus.

## NELLIE CURTIS.

BY M'LLIE DE TROP.

## CHAPTER I.

"DON'T you congratulate me, Elise?"

So said my most intimate friend and roommate, Nellie Curtis, as she came slowly up one evening from the parlor, and held out her hand to me, a deep flush rising to her forehead as she spoke.

I took the hand and held it toward the light; a circlet of gold, which had not been there when she went down, flashed up brightly round one finger. I knew well the import of this, and although not exactly surprised, yet the suddenness of the revelation kept me from speaking. But Nellie, in her impulsive way, flung her arms round my neck and said, among her kisses, "O, Elise, I am so very, very happy; are n't you glad for me?"

Nellie always opened her heart to me; so all through the evening, till late into the night, we talked over her new hopes and prospects. She was a light-hearted little girl-woman, and the future that she looked at was tinted beautifully. For three years I had rejoiced in her joy, and I did not fail to do so on this night, smothering down a vague feeling of pain and uneasiness which would arise sometimes as I listened to her bright anticipations.

"Nellie is going to do well," I said to myself, over and over, in answer to that feeling of unrest and foreboding which drove sleep from my eyes till far into the morning. "He is smart, talented, handsome, and, though not exactly rich, yet doing finely in his profession;" still I felt, though I would not have put the thought into words, that there was something wanting—he was not religious. My own heart was very proud and sinful in those days; nevertheless, conscience told me that I could better trust Nellie's happiness in the keeping of one who was guided by those principles which had no control over myself. So it is that the still, small voice, even in the soul of the unbeliever, speaks in favor of God and of religion.

A few days after this evening Nellie and I graduated. She went immediately to her guardian's to prepare for her approaching marriage; and I, after promising to join her there in a few weeks, went to my own in Maine for a short rest and recreation before commencing my work of teaching.

The weeks went quickly by, and soon I was with my friend again. I adjusted the vail upon her head, and arranged the flowers in her hair, then, when all was ready, and Mr. Stearns

came up to lead her down, I said, playfully, as I took her hand and placed it in his, "I am giving you a great treasure, Mr. Stearns."

I shall never forget the look of love and pride that he cast upon Nellie as he drew the hand within his arm, and said, "I think I appreciate it, Elise. I will try to be worthy of your gift."

I forgot my fears as I looked at him then, so noble, so manly, and with his love for Nellie showing itself in the large dark eyes bent tenderly upon her.

After a short bridal tour, on which I accompanied her, Nellie and I were separated. Her husband was a young lawyer, and he sought, in a far-distant town, to find wealth and fame. For awhile every week brought me letters, such letters as only Nellie could have written, running over with happiness and gayety, with many a passage in them telling what a good, noble husband she had got; how she was realizing the wildest of her dreams of happiness. But gradually a change came over these letters; they became fewer and shorter; they did not sound natural. The words seemed frozen, then written, because something must be written. I feared greatly that Nellie was in trouble, but I saw that she did not intend I should know it.

At last the letters ceased altogether. I wrote her again and again, asking an explanation, but no reply came. After waiting a long while, I wrote to the gentleman who had been her guardian, asking him if he knew any thing of her, and received, for reply, that for over a year he had heard nothing. Her small property had been taken out of his hands at the time of her marriage, therefore he would not be more likely to hear from her than any other of her intimate friends.

## CHAPTER II.

Years passed away, and all that was left to me of Nellie was the memory. I thought of her always, sadly, seeing in imagination a low mound in some distant place, almost hid among the roses—they would be so appropriate—with a white stone rising from it bearing the name of my friend. I could not believe that Nellie, if she were living, would so utterly neglect me, and that I should lose so entirely all sign of her.

Meanwhile I had found a pleasant home, almost shut out from sight, in a grove of maples and the thick pines of my own native State, where my life was as smooth and quiet as the little stream that glided lazily along just back of the house. But there came a time



when the monotony of my life was broken in upon. My husband was called to the West, and he insisted upon my accompanying him. "It will do you good, Elise," he said, in answer to my attempt at resistance, for I was rather averse to the discomforts of a long journey—"it will do you good to see something of the breadth of this great America; it will give you enlarged ideas of matters and things."

The journey West was accomplished with its usual variety of novel sights and incidents, pleasure, dust, and weariness. We had started for home, and I was congratulating myself on this fact, on an extremely warm afternoon, when my husband touched my arm, at a little way station at which we had just stopped, and said, "Come, Elise, I have business here, we shall be obliged to spend the night."

"I thought your business was all done," I said, looking disconsolately out. "What can you want of this little dirty, insignificant"—

"It is n't my business exactly," he interrupted, with a little laugh at the manner in which my disappointment was venting itself, "it's some that was intrusted to me; it must be seen to, nevertheless. Come."

There was no help for it, so with as good grace as I could command I seated myself in the lumbering old stage, and ascended the steps to the piazza of the hotel. A strong fume of whisky and tobacco came across the hall as we entered, and a babel of loud words, boisterous laughter, and oaths, floated out from an open door. I turned my head that way and caught the side view of a man leaning against the counter, which struck me as being strangely familiar. Instinctively I sprang forward to get a better sight, when my husband caught my arm and drew me back.

"Why, Elise, what under the sun! Do n't you know that is the bar-room? here;" and he flung open the sitting-room door and led me in.

I laughed a little at the impulse that had seized me, then looked round the room. It was pleasant enough, but the sights and sounds I had met with in the hall had disgusted me with every thing in their vicinity; and tossing my gloves on the table, I turned bluntly round and said, "I wonder if this is the best house the town affords."

"It is the only public one," said my husband, apologetically. I am sorry, Elise, but try and make yourself comfortable here; it is only for one night, you know. You had better go upstairs when the room is ready; it will be more retired and out of reach of this noise, I hope."

The landlady came in, and, guided by her, we went to our private room. After seeing me

comfortably settled in a large arm-chair, my husband took his hat to go to attend to the business which had obliged him to stop at this place.

"You won't be gone long?" I inquired, as he reached the door.

"Not a minute longer than I am obliged to;" then turning with a laugh in the corners of his mouth, he said, "Now you be careful, Elise, that I don't find you in the bar-room when I come back."

The seconds dragged wearily. I was lonesome and homesick, so, of course, very uncomfortable, besides the face and figure that I had seen in the bar-room haunted me uncomfortably, though I tried to shake off the impression.

"I can't endure this any longer," I said to myself, rising from my chair as the form of my husband, which I had been watching all the time from the window, disappeared down the street. "I must go where I can find some one to talk to, or, at least, look at."

I went down the stairs, casting furtive glances at the bar-room door. It was closed now, and only a faint sound came from beyond. There was no one in the sitting-room, and, a door on the end standing open, I ventured further. Through a dining-hall, then into a large room, which was much heated by a huge stove in its center, I found myself at last.

A short, plump little woman was by a table ironing, a heaped-up basket of folded clothes by her side.

"It's lonesome in the sitting-room, so I came out here," I said, in reply to her look of surprise, as she stood with an iron raised in one hand. "Can't I sit down here with you?"

"O, yes, of course, of course!" she replied, setting down the iron. "You'll find it purty hot though, I guess. May be I can open this ere window a little ways;" and opening it, she drew a chair near it, which, after carefully dusting with her apron, she signified was ready for my occupancy.

I sat down, feeling quite comfortable at last. My companion was a sociable old lady. I found that I could get plenty of talk from her.

"This is a purty hard place," she said, as, after touching upon several subjects, she came to the village in which she lived—"lots of drunkards and sich, the Lord only knows."

I interrupted her here, as she unfolded and flung out a delicately-embroidered handkerchief. I caught instantly the figure, for it was one very familiar to me. "Will you let me see that a moment?" I said, rising from my chair, and almost snatching it from her.

How many times, years ago, had my school-

mate, Nellie Curtis, embroidered this same pattern! Many hours that should have been used for study had been spent with her embroidery needle—and this design was a particular favorite of hers—here in the center was that peculiar lace stitch, no one could do it quite as nicely as she—was it possible?

"Whose is this?" I demanded, checking the thoughts that crowded thickly upon me, and looking up fiercely at the woman who was regarding me curiously.

"Why, that belongs to the mistress, I s'pose. Did she steal it of you?" she said, drawing nearer, and speaking in a low, confiding whisper.

"O! no; but do you know—can you tell me who embroidered it?"

She placed her arms skimbo, and looked closely at it. "Wall, now, I don't believe I can, exactly. Like enough old Stearns's wife."

"And who, for mercy's sake, is old Stearns's wife?" I said, dropping the handkerchief from my trembling hands, and covering my eyes with them, as if I would shut out the information that I knew now was coming.

"They say she's a dreadful kind of a purty woman, but he drinks and 'buses her awfully. She does this ere kind of 'broidery, and every thing else she can do, to keep 'em from starving, I s'pose."

I understood it all perfectly now; the clearest explanation could not have made me do so better. Nellie was living here; she was a drunkard's wife, and it was he that I had seen in the bar-room. I understood now why that face had haunted me.

"Good land of mercy! You look as if you was going right off in a faint," said the woman, as I took down my hands and started for the door, driven by an impulse to find Nellie, not thinking how or where. "Wait a minit till I get the camphire."

Her words recalled my scattered senses. "No, thank you, I never faint. But this woman you speak of, Mrs. Stearns, is a friend of mine. Will you order a carriage or something to take me there, as quick as possible?"

"They do n't keep nothin' here but the stage, and that's gone most of the time. If you want I should, I'll go and show you the way, 't aint but a little ways, but I'd advise you not to, for 't aint a place for a lady like you at all."

Telling her that I should depend upon her company, I hastened upstairs for bonnet and shawl. We were soon on our way, and soon had reached our destination. The woman stopped before a large, dilapidated building. "They live somewhere in this ere hive," she said, "but where I don't know."

"Thank you," I replied, stepping up to a big door which was flanked on all sides by little narrow windows. "I can find the way back again easily. I won't trouble you any more."

She turned back, looking over her shoulder occasionally at me, as I stood at the door trying to make myself heard above the noise of crying babies and loud voices within. At last a woman, with a large baby in her arms, opened the door.

"Does Mrs. Stearns live here?" I inquired.

Without speaking she made a motion to me to follow her, and began to ascend a flight of stairs.

Loud, angry voices came from half-opened doors—a confused jabber of unintelligible sounds, and sometimes horrid oaths floated out. I did not stop to scarcely notice these, I thought only of Nellie.

After ascending two flights of crazy stairs, the woman stopped before a door, then tapping lightly upon it she turned away. I heard the grate of a key inside, then a pair of eyes peeped cautiously out, then the door was opened, and I stood face to face with—could it be possible that that woman was Nellie?

Yes, it was she, but sorrow had driven out all the beauty from her face, and left only such sad eyes, and such cruel lines upon the forehead.

I can not write of the first moments of our meeting. When we grew calm enough to speak I learned something of her life. It was the old, old story. Her husband had grown dissipated—had gradually gone from bad to worse, and, I might have known it would be just like Nellie to suffer on without giving sign or token. "I could not bring myself to write," she said, "after I got to be so miserable, and we moved around so much that your letters did not reach me, and I lost trace of you."

Nellie drew a little girl toward me. "This is my little Elise," she said; "see, I named her after the best friend I ever had."

I lifted the little creature into my lap, and pressed a kiss upon the face that was turned to me with a bewildered, bashful look. From her I glanced round the room; it was perfectly neat, but so plain; its furniture so very scant and mean; from these mute informers of poverty and misery I turned to Nellie; she was looking intently at me through the thick, heavy tears.

"You must leave this place," I said, drawing her head down on my shoulder in the old familiar fashion of our school days. You shall not stay here another day—my home is welcome, more than welcome, to you and your child. Leave that miserable man and come home with me."

But Nellie raised her head and, placing her finger on my lip, whispered, "Hush, Elise, he is my husband, you know."

"Forgive me, Nellie, but won't you come with me?"

She only shook her head for reply, and as she did this I felt that I had never before known the firm constancy of her love, which not even cruelty could cause to falter.

Our stay in the village was prolonged many days. I could not bear to leave Nellie in the condition I had found her. No persuasion could induce her to come with me, but after many struggles she offered to give me her child. "You will do for her so much better than I can," she said.

Nellie is resting now in a retired corner of our village church-yard. I went to her and arrived just in time to close her eyes in their last sleep. Only the age and the first name is on the white stone. I could not bear to have that other name—the name of her murderer—placed by its side.

Little Elise is with us still; as she grows older she looks much as her mother did in her happier days, and if prayers and constant watching can save her from her mother's after fate, she will be saved. She is our only child, and we love her much for her own as well as her mother's sake.

#### THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

BY PROF. J. F. LACROIX.

THE objects of interest which lay along the road between our hotel and the usual entering-place to the subterranean chapels and tombs of the early Christians, were so numerous as almost to make us forget the real object of our excursion. Descending from the modern capitol, which crowns the ancient Capitoline Hill, we traversed the Forum, and, passing under the arch of Constantine, turned a little to the right, and, leaving the magnificent Coliseum to the left, wended our way toward the gate of St. Sebastian. But the gate was at the extreme southern point of the wall which surrounded Rome in the time of Aurelian, and it seemed as if we would never get beyond the desolate ruins of former greatness and, passing it, reach the open country. We stopped a moment for repose amid the ruins of the noted baths of Caracalla. Here were discovered some of the most precious remains of ancient sculpture, and, among others, a Hercules and the Farnese

Bull. Just before passing the gate we saw the triumphal arch of Drusus, the brother of Tiberius and an excellent general of Augustus. But now at last we were outside the walls and on our way toward the Basilica of St. Sebastian. We had two or three miles yet to walk, but as we were treading on the noted Appian Way, a military road constructed by the Romans two hundred years before the Christian era and called by them *Regina Viarum*, we scarcely felt the length of the walk, and soon arrived, with others, in sight of the rural Basilica and the magnificent circular tomb of Cecilia Metella. The Church of St. Sebastian, though numbered among the Basilicas of Rome, has very little to interest the stranger except its traditionary associations. It contains, however, a curious group in marble representing the martyrdom of the Saint after whom it is named. He is in a prostrate position, and red blood is represented as gushing from his wounds. But the church is noted chiefly as the ordinary place of descent into the catacombs. We were met by a clever monk, who, immediately divining our wishes, lighted and gave to each of our company a very lean tallow taper, and bidding us follow him, opened a door and began to descend a gloomy and much-worn stone stairway.

It was a moment well fitted for the excitement of deep feeling. The steps we were treading were sacred. The feet of the multitudes of pilgrims who for many centuries had descended by this passage into these mysterious labyrinths, had consecrated them. We were entering the homes and burial-places of the martyrs of the infant Church. At the bottom of the stairway we came to a cavern, from which low passages branched off in every direction. Prudentius, who lived in the early part of the fourth century, and who has been styled the "first Christian poet," has left a description of this abode of the dead, which applies perfectly at the present day. I will copy from an English version the following passage:

"The cavern's mouth  
Lies open freely to the day, and drinks  
A light that cheers the shadowy vestibule;  
But in its bosom, night, obscure and vast,  
Blackens around the explorer's way, nor yields  
Save where, down fissures slanting through the vaults,  
Clear rays, though broken, glances on roof and wall.  
On all sides spreads the labyrinth, woven, dense  
With paths that cross each other; branching now  
In caverned chapels and sepulchral halls;  
But ever through the subterranean maze,  
That light looks down, through fissures and through  
cleft,  
Granting fruition of an absent sun."

The lapse of ages has, however, closed most of these fissures, and the light which the modern visitor enjoys is derived from his slender candle.

The origin of the catacombs and the uses which have been made of them at different epochs have been fruitful subjects of learned investigation, and the matter still rests in much obscurity. It is generally believed, however, that they date in part from the time of the Etruscans, long before the foundation of the Roman city. They are doubtless simply the caverns left during the lapse of centuries by the miners of building material. The site of the city of Rome and its vicinity rests on an immense formation of tufa and other soft rock, which are well adapted for building purposes, and which are so easily quarried as to allow the miner to shape his excavations at pleasure. Long before the age of Augustus these caverns had been extended beneath the greater part of the city, and before the reign of Constantine they had pierced and honey-combed the campagna, to the south of the city, to a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. They are referred to by Cicero in his oration for Cluentius. It is in them that Nero, according to Suetonius, was advised to conceal himself in the hour of danger; he replied, however, that "he would not go under ground while living."

In the period of Rome's greatest population, so many were employed in these quarries that they seem to have formed a distinct class of society. They were of the poorest and most wretched portion of the people. When Christianity was first preached at Rome, it found its first adherents among the lowest class, and doubtless also among these miners. In the "Acts of the Martyrs" we are told that Maximian condemned all of his soldiers who were Christians, to hard labor, to the digging of stone and sand. In this way the early Christians became familiar with these endless underground passages and recesses, and in time of persecution were able to secrete not only themselves, but also many of their acquaintances and ministers. Springs of water existed here in abundance, and provisions were in various ways furnished to the hidden. Also the rites of religion were here celebrated, and little chapels erected. The Christians, however, were not always secure in their retreat. In the time of Cyprian, Xystus and Stephen, Bishops of Rome, were hunted out by the heathen soldiery, and slaughtered on the spot. Stephen had been under the necessity of spending much of his time in the catacombs. Here he planned missionary schemes, assembled official bodies of ministers, and gave counsel to thousands of private individuals. The martyr,

Hippolytus, shared his trials and fate. Paulina, the sister of the latter, and her husband possessed the secret of their retreat, and by means of their two little children, managed to furnish them, from time to time, with a basket of provisions. These suffered death under the reign of Aurelius, the philosopher. A part of the epitaph of Hippolytus reads thus: "While on his knees and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford us no security!" In Diocletian's time the pagans were so exasperated at the fact that the catacombs afforded protection to so many Christians, as to demand that they should be filled up and destroyed. No effort, however, seems to have been made to accomplish it.

This use of the catacombs as a place of refuge lasted till the year 306, when Constantine gave to Christianity on the one hand the boon of protection, and on the other the curse of legal servitude. And it is very doubtful whether the next three hundred years of temporal triumphs were more honorable for religion than the first three hundred years of her moral triumphs and victorious deaths in these subterranean caverns. Most surely the latter was the more heroic period; and most justly do many who suffered here deserve the honor which the Romish Church, in a perverted way, accords to them. For a long time after the victory of Christianity in the Roman world, the catacombs were regarded as a sort of Mecca, and visited by multitudes of pilgrims. St. Jerome, when a youth, visited them often about the year 350. He says: "I was accustomed, with others of my age, to visit on Sundays the sepulchers of the apostles and martyrs, and often to go down into the crypts dug in the heart of the earth, where the walls on either side are lined with the dead. So intense is the darkness that we almost realize the words of the prophet, 'They go down alive into hades.'" So great was the presumed sacredness of this martyr-ground, that for several centuries the illustrious dead, prelates, popes, and even princes and emperors, sometimes from foreign lands, were brought and interred therein. Honorius, Valentinian, and among a host of Popes, Gregory the Great and Leo IX, were buried here. The catacombs suffered much at the hands of the invading Goths, Lombards, and Saracens. They were gradually abandoned as places of burial, and became finally the lurking-place of thieves and robbers; and when the Roman peasants had to pass near their entrances they hurried by muttering a prayer or psalm. In the dark ages,



when Rome was rent by the feuds of the Colonna and Orsini, and other noble families, the catacombs were often the place where hostile bands of soldiery were secreted till the favorable hour of attack; and sometimes deadly struggles took place within them. This was likewise the case in the time of Rienzi, 1347. As a general fact, however, the largest portion of the catacombs remained either unknown or forgotten for many ages preceding the year 1567. At this date a priest, who had caught the spirit of the *renaissance*, began in them, as an antiquarian, a series of explorations, which were continued for more than thirty years. In the next century another antiquarian took up the work, and likewise pursued it for a similar period. Toward the close of last century Agincourt went to Rome to study Christian art, designing to remain only six months; but he became so interested in his work as to prolong his visit to fifty years. Each of these three published extensive and very valuable works on the catacombs. From these, and from still more modern works, much curious and precious information is obtained in relation to the condition and opinions of the first Christians; and a most interesting inquiry has been started by Protestants as to whether there is much real similarity between the modern organization, which presumes to call itself the Mother Church, and the real primitive Church, of which so many traces are left in these abodes of the dead.

These explorers became fully convinced that the catacombs were used not only as places of refuge, but also as permanent residences. Many of the recesses are neatly arched over and plastered on the sides. The chapels were neatly constructed, and of various sizes. The largest, that of St. Agnes, would contain nearly a hundred persons. The walls were generally ornamented with designs from sacred history, and some of them contained neat frescoes. These are, however, the work of the third or fourth century. About this time also began the work of reverencing and richly decorating certain spots, where eminent martyrs had died or been buried. It was the most natural process in the world. In the year 400 the tomb of good Hippolytus was already adorned with Parian marble and precious metals. This was entirely pardonable; but unfortunately the poor people had none or very few wise teachers to prevent them from carrying the work to a superstitious excess. In later times this city of the dead became the exhaustless storehouse out of which Papal Rome has furnished all the world with sacred relics of every variety. Though most of

the finer tombs and monuments have been robbed of their bones and inscriptions and taken to churches or museums, yet still many remain in their ancient places. The bodies were usually placed in niches on the sides of the narrow passages, sometimes several above each other. They were cemented and secured in their places either by small pieces or by a whole block of stone. In this cement as in the slab of stone were engraved epitaphs, either in words or in emblems, or in both. The richest collection of the epitaphs and other Christian relics of the catacombs is now contained in one of the long corridors of the Vatican palace. On one side of this gallery are imbedded in the wall more than three thousand relics of this kind; while the other side is likewise covered with inscriptions from pagan Rome. The contrast is in many respects very striking. On the one side are elegant forms, pompous titles, and classic Latinity; on the other, as a general rule, rude scrawls, misspelt words, irregular letters, and sometimes very obscure sentences. Most of the latter, however, can be readily interpreted by the aid of the accompanying symbolical figures.

A few specimens of the Christian epitaphs may be interesting. Many consist of a single name with the words "in peace," thus: *Flor-entus in peace; Valeria sleeps in peace; Sleeping-place of Elpis; Zoticus here laid to sleep.* Some are longer, thus: *Albania! thou well-deserving one, liest in peace, in sleep. Thou wilt arise.* Frequently also we find the words, "He sleeps in the peace of the Lord." Beautiful words, than which eighteen centuries have been able to find no more fitting! Sometimes the manner of death is indicated, as in the following: "Primitius in peace; a most valiant martyr, after many torments. Aged 38. His wife raised this to her good husband." And this: "Lannus, the martyr of Christ, rests here. He suffered under Diocletian." Also this one: "Here lies Gardianus, deputy of Gaul, who, with his whole family, was murdered for the faith. They rest in peace. Theophila, his handmaid, set up this."

The interpretation of the symbolical figures, which have been found on the walls and memorial tablets of the catacombs, has been an interesting work for antiquaries. They are of very different kinds; and some are thought to be mere temporal symbols, as e. g., the adze and saw to indicate that the deceased was a carpenter. Some writers, however, are inclined to find a symbolism in almost all such figures. Thus the hook, the forceps, and the rake are thought to indicate the instruments of torture

by which the Christians were put to death. Most of the symbols, however, are entirely unambiguous. First and naturally the most frequent of these is the cross. To the first Christians it had a holy significance, which unfortunately has been obscured for us by the misuses of Popery. A very common symbol is also the monogram consisting of a union of the Greek capitals X and P, the first letters of the word Christ. This monogram was sometimes surrounded by palms, the symbol of triumph. Finally the position of the X was so changed as to make it resemble a cross. To this figure the letters alpha and omega are often joined, so that in this single small symbol we have their meanings: Christ, his sufferings, his eternity, and triumph, and the benefits of these to the deceased. Next comes the symbol of the fish, either as a picture or in the form of the Greek word *ichthus*, the several letters of which are the initials of the Greek of "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior." This symbol had also the advantage of being unintelligible to the pagan foes of the Christians. The anchor—of hope and safety—also is frequent. A similar idea was represented by a ship in full sail—for the haven of rest. A curious complex image was discovered on a ring found in the catacombs. It represents a ship on the back of a large fish. Apostles are rowing; doves are perched on the mast and stern; and the Savior appears at a little distance, saving Peter from sinking. Among the most frequent symbols are various representations of Christ—sometimes as a beardless youth, indicating "the eternal youth or dawn of eternity;" sometimes as a shepherd returning to his flock with the lost sheep on his shoulders. One figure presents him as a lamb with a cross on its head, standing upon a rock, out of which four streams—the evangelists—are flowing. Scenes from the life of Christ are frequent, such as the adoration of the magi; the baptism of Christ, in which he is standing in the water while John pours water on his head with his hand; the imposition of Christ's hands on little children; his triumphal entry into Jerusalem; and many of his miracles. Scenes from the Old Testament are frequent, such as Adam and Eve on each side of the tree of knowledge, around which is coiled a hideous serpent; the Lord approaching them and giving to Adam a sheaf of grain, to signify that he must plow, and to Eve a sheep, symbolizing her duty to spin through all future ages; Noah in the ark, and many others. The story of Jonah seemed to the early Christians as a very lively symbol of death and the resurrection. It is often represented in the catacombs. Among

the single symbols, not yet mentioned, are the following: the dove; the dove with an olive-branch; the hart—which thirsteth after the water-brooks—the hare—of innocence and fear—the phoenix and the peacock, as emblems of the resurrection; the cock, from Peter's history, as a caution to watchfulness; and a laurel crown bearing the monogram of Christ, as a symbol of victory. It is a curious fact, however, that among the many thousands of these pictures or reliefs, there is not found a single attempt to represent the agonies of Christ, whether of the garden or of the cross. These subjects seem to have been regarded as too holy for material exhibition. It was left for a corrupt Church, in a darker age, to attempt these revolting representations.

The inscriptions of the catacombs have furnished material for doctrinal controversy. Friends of episcopacy contend that they distinctly recognize various orders in the ministry; and in fact they do contain the words *papa*—father, bishop, or pope—presbyter or elder, and deacon; but whether the early Christians attached our modern idea to these terms is still a subject of debate. Inferior Church officers are also mentioned, such as readers, exorcists, and fossors or buriers of the dead. Of the latter pictures are given as they stand in narrow passages, wielding the pick-axe by the light of a dim lamp. Female orders are also discovered. But the most interesting institution, of which distinct representations are found, is the *agape*, or love-feast. They were emphatically feasts of love or charity, and were a kind of ordinary meal given under religious sanction, by the society or by prominent individuals, to all the members of the Church, but especially to the poor. It was a bond of union in which all distinctions of class vanished. Tertullian, in describing it, says: "We first offer prayer. We eat and drink temperately. We discourse as in the presence of God. When lights are brought in, each one sings, as he is moved, a hymn to God, either from the Bible or of his own composing. Prayer again concludes our feast." In a copy of a picture of this feast, which now lies before me, the guests are seated at the board, two matrons personifying Peace and Love are at the extremities, while a youth is handing food and drink to the guests from a small, round table in front.

The catacombs furnish us much aid in tracing the gradual perversion of the primitive faith into the system of modern Popery. I take the substance of some remarks on this subject from a work of Bishop Kip, to which I am indebted also for many of the facts of the forego-

ing. I have already noticed the entire absence of any image of Christ on the cross. Another weighty fact is the entire absence of an attempt at corporeal representations of the Almighty. Only twice in all the catacombs has any trace of such a thing been discovered, namely, in the sacrifice of Isaac and in the receiving of the law of Moses. But in both cases only a simple hand is seen; in the one case, arresting the knife, and in the other, giving the law out of the clouds. The early Christians shrank from painting the "King invisible." Even the genius of Michael Angelo can not reconcile us to it. The earliest attempt of the kind is found in a Latin Bible of the year 850. How different the spirit of reverence which dared to represent only a single hand, and that which presumed, as was done in the sixteenth century, to paint the Almighty in all the vestments of a Romish Pope with a huge triple crown upon his head! It may be safely stated that among the thousands of monuments taken from the Roman catacombs, no shadow of evidence is found in favor of any of the peculiarities which distinguish the modern Papal Church from the Churches of Protestantism. There is evidence for the early practice of infant baptism; for we find such inscriptions as these: "To Jovina, who lived three years and thirty days, a neophyte;" "Candidus, the neophyte, who lived twenty-one months;" and the neophyte was a baptized person. But of prayers for the dead, or to the saints, or to the blessed Virgin, there is no shadow of trace. Nor is there any trace of a belief in purgatory. Indeed, where any expression at all is made as to the condition of the deceased, it is uniformly that of a belief in their blessedness with God. The inevitable conclusion, therefore, to which we are led, by an examination of the testimony of the inscriptions and symbols of the catacombs, is that there is a world-wide difference between the establishment now seated on the Seven Hills, and the Church of the primitive Roman Christians. In the one prevailed simplicity, poverty, and martyrdom; the other revels in pomp, pride, and worldly ease. The one was radiant with the virtues of holy, heroic souls; the other rejoices in the glory of magnificent earthly temples, and the splendor of sublime external ceremonies. The Church which the apostles planted in Rome is not the one which now basks in the golden sunshine of Italy, but rather this one which lies buried in the labyrinths of these gloomy catacombs. It shall one day be awakened from its slumbers; it will put on its beautiful garments. And then will it eclipse and put to shame all the hollow tinsel of a preten-

tious external sanctity, and brightly illustrate the truth that all real lasting beauty is the beauty of the soul—of the heart.

But it is time we were leaving these gloomy abodes of the dead. The good monk, whose flickering taper guided us through their winding ways, evidently understood his business very well. He had no desire to weary us by taking us too far into their recesses. But we saw enough to satisfy our curiosity; and besides it was no pleasant task to spend much time in traversing worn-out stair-ways, and in groping, in a stooping posture, through narrow, dusty causeways. Moreover, the air we breathed was dry and stifling, smelling of the earth and of the dead. We were, therefore, glad to sound a retreat and to catch sight once again of the distant glory of the Italian sky. On emerging to the light our first thought was to thank God for the delicious luxury of pure, bracing air.

Our day's work was now accomplished. We retired from the lonely, unpretentious basilica, and after gazing awhile at the happy situation and still remaining grandeur of what was once the unrivaled tomb of Cecilia Metella, turned our steps toward the gate of St. Sebastian. The way was long, but so full of wonders that we could not think of growing weary. The evening was approaching and the air was cooler. By the time we reached the summit of the modern capitol, the sun had painted in gold the clouds beyond the Pincian Hill.

#### SPRING'S DEPARTURE.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGLOW.

SWEET Spring, thy last farewell  
Among my flowers I heard,  
And the leaves of the woodland dell  
By many a sigh were stirred.  
We ask not thy return;  
Go with thy hopes and fears;  
Go with thy kindling tho'ts that burn,  
Thy smiles and showering tears.  
Yea, go, for if each day  
Has been improved aright,  
We should no longer wish thy stay,  
Or murmur at thy flight.  
Thou dear, departed Spring,  
I shall not miss thee now,  
For Summer's brilliant perfumed wing  
Is resting on my brow.  
Thus when my life shall blend  
With that which is to come,  
May no portending terror lend  
A shade of deep'ning gloom!

## THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY MRS. J. N. M'CONAUGHTY.

THERE had been a sad fire in the village of R., which had swept off five poor houses, and destroyed the little all of the hard-working families who were sheltered under their roofs. Every one said, "What a fine thing it did not happen in the business part of the town where the valuable stores and warehouses were located!" But no doubt the loss of a fine store could have been easier borne by its owner, than could the loss of the poor household goods of these people. It is a terrible thing to lose one's all, whether it be little or much, and it is doubly terrible to be turned out of house and home in the Winter time, with no ability to procure another.

But the people of R. were warm-hearted and generous. Temporary homes were provided for the sufferers till they could see how to turn themselves, and then the kind-hearted ladies bestirred themselves in earnest to supply their pressing wants. The sewing society burnished up its needles, and met two or three times every week. Ladies, who nowadays would be supposed to have their hands full without extra work, took home large bundles to be done when they could catch a minute or a half-hour's time from other duties. It was,

"Sarah, my dear, you mind the baby and wash up the dishes, so that mother can get time to finish off these flannel petticoats, and that will be the same as helping the poor yourself."

Then little Sarah bustled about like a busy little housewife, glad to be a helper in such a good work. She was ready when her work was done to take down her needle and help mother sew up the seams, as long as baby could be kept quiet with a tin basin and an iron spoon. Every body felt that it was a pleasure to do something for these poor people, even if it involved some self-denial.

"Mother, I'll gladly wear my old cloak this Winter again, if you will only let me have the butter-money you had laid aside for a new one to get poor Lucy Rollins a new shawl and bonnet," said Martha Gray. "She was one of the most punctual scholars in our Sunday school, and loved so dearly to go. She was grieving so over the loss of her shawl when I went over to see her. She says she could get along but for that, as she would rather wear her old hood to church than not to go."

Mother was glad to see this spirit of true benevolence in her dear child, who she felt was

beginning to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. So she readily gave her consent to the proposed investment of the slowly-earned shillings, and never did any purchase give more heart-felt satisfaction. Martha was learning the true secret of happiness. She was learning that the highest joy is found in doing good to others.

There were two or three young ladies who were ever foremost in every good work, and these were sent out as solicitors. They called first at all the stores, and there was no hesitation in making known their errands. Everywhere there was a cheerful response, for every one felt sympathy for the distressed families. Then families in comfortable circumstances were called upon for donations of second-hand garments, or articles of food, and Miss Margaret, and Miss Kate, and Miss Jenny were not ashamed to be seen in the streets with a great basket on their arms, so well stocked it would have made the eyes of the old chinaman dance with delight if set down before him. They almost looked like wandering Jews with their fortunes hung about them. Miss Kate, and Jenny, and Margaret, too, were the first young ladies in the place you will know. But this was, O, ever and ever so long ago.

The gentlemen, too, were on the look-out for homes for the families. One little house, which was burned, had lately been bought by the man who lived in it, so his loss was felt to be especially heavy. What did his kind neighbors do but set to work and help him clear up the rubbish, and then get up the frame of a small house which would shelter his little ones for the present? The carpenter gave several days' time to help frame it. A mason gave him the making of a chimney, the bricks of which were donated by somebody else, and so the ball kept rolling. In a few weeks' time the whole five families were once more comfortably settled with present wants well supplied, some of them with more comfortable wardrobes than they ever had before in their lives, and all with new hope and courage in their hearts, and deep gratitude to the kind friends who had helped them so generously in their time of need.

This was the old-fashioned kind of charity. This was the way they used to do good in old times, before self-denial and kindred virtues were out of date.

This Winter has been a peculiarly-trying one to the poor in some of our large towns, particularly so in the busy young city of G.

"People say there is a great deal of suffering in those long rows of tenement houses near the depot," said Miss Sophie to her bosom friend,



Henrietta Dales. "I really think something ought to be done for them."

"Well, suppose we walk over there some afternoon and see how they do live."

"Why, Hetty, I am surprised at you! I should faint away, I know I should, if I ever set foot in one of those wretched houses. I can hardly bear to drive through the street, every thing is so miserable and distressed-looking. But suppose we get up a fair, or a grand supper, or something of the sort, to make money to help them with. I am sure I would help in such a good work all I could."

"Sophie, I have got a bright idea; I know what will be just the thing. Let us have a charity ball. Cousin Laura wrote to me about an elegant affair of the kind they had at Mapleville. It cost a great sum, over five hundred dollars in all, as it was a large party, and the supper was elegant. But they cleared a hundred dollars. Just think how much good could be done with a hundred dollars! They bought coal with it, and sacks of flour, and barrels of potatoes, and—dear me! I can't remember half the things; but it did a vast amount of good, and they had all the pleasure of the party thrown in."

Sophie thought the plan an excellent one, and determined to enlist a few particular friends, after which she knew the point would be carried. There were some old fogies to be brought over, and her father was one. He absurdly suggested, "Why not give the money at once that you will spend on the party, which will be five times as much as you will make by it?" but then he was known to be extremely old-fashioned. Sophie's mother was of quite a different turn, and she usually carried the day.

"Let the young folks have their pleasure, father," she would say; "things have changed since we were young."

"They certainly have," said the old gentleman, as he reluctantly counted out the bills required for the new ball-dress.

Then the splendid supper must be provided for. It was all for charity, you see, so the storekeeper must be besieged to contribute handsomely of sugar and coffee, and various needfuls. The ladies must be on hand in time with their richly-frosted cakes. The farmers must not be behindhand with plenty of poultry, and milk for the ice cream. On the whole, it made quite a sensation in the small city, and every one for the time seemed to be overflowing with "charity" for the poor. There were many incidental expenses, it is true. The music must be paid for at a good round rate, the

hall must be brilliantly lighted, and there was no end to the private expenses which it called for.

"I am never going to that ball with my old light silk, mother," said Miss Josephine, in much excitement. "Sophie and Hettie, and ever so many more, have new dresses making up, and I will stay at home rather than wear that shabby old thing again."

Mother sighed as she remembered the many things needed in the household, the warm clothing for the little ones, new shoes for the school-children, not to speak of her own need of a warm, comfortable shawl.

But by repeated assaults the fort was carried. The new dress was bought, though it was one which would be of no service except on such occasions. Mother wished in her heart the "charity ball" had never been thought of, and something of the old adage about "charity beginning at home," in this case might have recurred to her mind.

The grand entertainment came off at last. It was a "regular crush" for the little town, but that "only showed how benevolent the people were." They danced till all were wearied out, and then, when it was time for all to be abed and asleep, they were called down to the grand supper. It was worthy of the occasion, and every one partook to their heart's content of the good cheer so liberally provided. Some even seemed to imagine the more they ate the more good they were doing to the "noble cause which had brought them together." There was some fine speech-making after supper, in which the event was praised, the ladies were praised, the supper was praised, and the whole affair generally was held up for universal admiration. Then more dancing, and more ice cream, till a little before daybreak, a tired, cross, fretful set, wended their way homeward, to sleep away the next day if they could, and to wake at last, unrefreshed and generally out of sorts. A week was commonly allowed by mothers for daughters to regain their usual standard of good looks and good humor.

Well, after the dance the "piper" must be paid, and then it was found the munificent sum of sixty-two dollars and thirty-five cents had been realized for the poor! This is the new-fashioned way of doing good. You can readily see what an improvement it is on the old. Still, tastes will differ about this, as about every thing else.

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WHATELY has beautifully described children as "the to-morrow of society."

**SAYINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WITH COMMENTS THEREON.**

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

Apples of gold in pictures of silver.—SOLOMON.

IT would hardly be possible to find, within the whole range of literature, a more apposite, befitting, or truthful opening paragraph for the pleasant task we have now assigned ourself, than the following from Montaigne: "I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."

**LOWLY ESTATE.**—"My early history is perfectly characterized by a single line of Gray's Elegy:

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

I have exalted one chosen out of the people.—PSA. lxxxix, 19.

**RESPONSIBILITY.**—"Without a name; without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest upon the father of his country."

Mr. Lincoln's highest claim upon my admiration is, a Roman equanimity, which has been tried by both extremes of fortune, and disturbed by neither.—NAPOLEON III.

**UNITY IS POWER.**—"While I hold myself the humblest of all individuals who have ever been elevated to the Presidency, I have a more difficult task to perform than any of them. I bring a true heart to the work. I must rely upon the people of the whole country for support; and with their sustaining aid, even I, humble as I am, can not fail to carry the ship of State safely through the storm."

In God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight;  
And strong in him whose cause is ours,  
In conflict with unholy powers,  
We grasp the weapons he has given—  
The light, and truth, and love of Heaven.

WHITTIER.

**A SACRED OATH.**—"I have an oath registered in heaven, to preserve, protect, and defend the Government."

When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it—pay that which thou hast vowed. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.—SOLOMON.

**A MARTYR SPIRIT.**—"I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but to the world in all

future time. If the country can not be saved without giving up that principle, I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it. I have said nothing but what I am willing to live and die by."

This is true courage; not the brutal force  
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve  
Of virtue and of reason.—WHITEHEAD.

**PATRIOTISM.**—"If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before high Heaven, and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love."

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.—WHITTIER.

**GRAND RESOLVE.**—"I will save the Union, if I can, with slavery; if not, slavery must perish, for the Union must be preserved."

We are thankful that God gave to Abraham Lincoln the decision, and wisdom, and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men.—BISHOP SIMPSON.

**UNITY.**—"A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

If ever in history war was necessary, if ever in history war was holy, it was the war there and then [1861] begun for the overthrow of slavery.—CHARLES SUMNER.

**THE UNION.**—"The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature."

O long-expected day, begin;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin.

DODDGE.

**IMPARTIALITY.**—"I shall take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, and the South, and the whole country, in good temper, certainly with no malice to any section. I am devoted to peace; but it may be necessary to put my foot down firmly."

Lincoln is the honestest man I ever knew.—  
STEPHEN DOUGLAS.

DOING RIGHT.—“I do the very best I know how, the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so till the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to any thing. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.”

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.—DAVID.

BRIEF AUTHORITY.—“I go into these promiscuous receptions of all who claim to have business with me twice each week, and every application for audience has to take its turn as if waiting to be shaved in a barber's shop. Many of the matters brought to my notice are utterly frivolous; but others are of more or less importance; and all serve to renew in me a clear and more vivid image of that great popular assemblage out of which I sprang, and to which, at the end of two years, I must return.”

To the ambitious there is this fearful lesson. Of the four candidates for presidential honors in 1860, two of them, Douglas and Lincoln, once competitors, but now [May 4, 1865] sleeping patriots, rest from their labors; Bell, abandoned to perish in poverty and misery, as a traitor might perish; and Breckinridge is a frightened fugitive, with the brand of traitor on his brow.—  
BISHOP SIMPSON.

A PRESIDENT.—“It would not do for a President to have guards with drawn sabers at his door, as if he fancied he were, or were trying to be, or were assuming to be an emperor.”

There were they in great fear where no fear was; for God hath scattered the bones of him that encampeth against thee; thou hast put them to shame, because God hath despised them.—DAVID.

BECOMING A CHRISTIAN.—“When I left my home to take this chair of state I requested my countrymen to pray for me; I was not then a Christian. When my son died, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes, who had fallen in defense of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ.”

Though late, I all forsake;

My friends, my all resign:

Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,

And seal me ever thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CAN NOT CONSECRATE IT.—“Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon

this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived or dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

The *Westminster Review* pronounces this speech of Mr. Lincoln's, delivered at Gettysburg, the finest that ever fell from human lips. In view of this fact, and that it is even more pertinent now than it ever was, we need make no apology for republishing it, especially as it takes but little space.—*Supplement to Hartford Courant, December 1, 1866.*

JOINING CHURCH.—“When any Church will inscribe over its altars, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and Gospel, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,’ that Church I will join with all my heart, and with all my soul.”

There is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these societies, “a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins.” But wherever this is really fixed in the soul, it will be shown by its fruits.—*Discipline Methodist Episcopal Church.*

GOODNESS AND FIRMNESS.—“With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in.”

An example . . . in charity.—PAUL.

KINDLINESS.—“I have never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom.”

The Father of mercies is kind to the evil and the unthankful; bears and forbears long; and multiplies his absolute favors to a marvelous extent. He suffers his kindness to be very long and very widely abused before he vindicates. In this kindness we all share very extensively every day, hour, and moment—which lays us all under great and solemn obligations to abound in all needful kindnesses to the needy and suffering around us—to serve one another, and “let favors go round,” as Franklin expresses it.—CHARLES SIMMONS.

SPIRIT OF TWO CHIEFS.—“In my view of the present state of affairs [the outbreak of the Southern rebellion] there need be no bloodshed or war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and, I may say in advance, there will be no bloodshed unless it be forced on the Government, and then it will be compelled to act in self-defense.”

The time for compromise has passed, and we are now determined to maintain our position, and make all who oppose us smell Southern gunpowder, and feel Southern steel.—JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Judge ye.—PETER.

A CHRIST-LIKE SPIRIT.—“There are many who are mistaken and misinformed in regard to matters who, when they come to a better understanding, will be found true and loyal men. I would not even seem to grieve, by word, act, or deed, a single one of my fellow-citizens, much less one who, though he may seem to be an enemy, is yet a real friend to our cause. I can truly say, I have no malice toward a single living man.”

Hopeth all things. Charity never faileth.—PAUL.

PROVIDENCE.—“It is right to recognize and confess the presence of the Almighty Father, and power of his hand equally in these triumphs and these sorrows.”

In the universe of God there are no accidents. From the fall of a sparrow to the fall of an empire, or the sweep of a planet, all is according to Divine Providence, whose laws are everlasting.—CHARLES SUMNER.

A NATIONAL BOON.—“Thanks be unto God, who, in our national trials, giveth us the Churches.”

These temples of his grace,  
How beautiful they stand—  
The honors of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.—WATTS.

PRAYING.—“Both [Federalist and rebel] read the same Bible and pray to the same God, each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask

a just God's assistance in wringing bread from other men's faces; but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered fully, for the Almighty has his own purposes. “Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh.” If we suppose American slavery to be one of those offenses which he now wills to remove, and that he gives us this terrible war, as was due to those by whom the offense came, shall we say there is any departure from the Divine attributes? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet if it be God's will that it continue till the wealth piled by bondmen by two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and till every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that ‘the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.’”

The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is his delight.—SOLOMON.

A PATRIOTIC CHURCH.—“Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the Churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Church! Bless all the Churches!”

With exultation we point to the record of our Church as having never been tarnished by disloyalty. She was the first of the Churches to express, by a deputation of her most distinguished ministers, the promise of support to the Government in the days of Washington. In her articles of religion she has enjoined loyalty as a duty, and has ever given to the Government her most decided support.—*General Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, 1864.*

DEMOCRACY.—“True democracy makes no inquiry about the color of the skin or place of nativity, or any other similar circumstances of condition. I regard, therefore, the exclusion of the colored people, as a body, from the elective franchise, as incompatible with the true democratic principle.”

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable



rights, that among these are *Life, Liberty*, and the pursuit of *Happiness*.—*Declaration of Independence*.

**FAIRNESS.**—"The emancipation policy and the use of colored troops were the greatest blows yet dealt to the rebellion. The job was a great national one; and let none be slighted who bore an honorable part in it. I hope peace will come soon and come to stay; then will there be some black men who can remember that they have helped mankind to this great consummation."

We do not believe, with Mr. Calhoun, the Declaration of American Independence to be "a rhetorical flourish." We do not believe it to be what Mr. Pettit pronounces it, "a self-evident lie." We do not believe it to be "an eloquent and passionate manifesto of a revolutionary war," "mere glittering, and sounding generalities of natural right." We believe it to be a living truth from the pages of the New Testament, expressed in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Constitution of the United States. We believe the maintenance of that truth every-where under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress, and to be the constitutional and imperative duty of Congress.—HENRY WILSON.

**A WRONG.**—"If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong."

The sum of all villainies.—JOHN WESLEY.

**RETRIBUTION.**—"This is a world of compensation; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, can not long retain it."

I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.

COWPER.

### THREESCORE AND TEN.

BY MRS. L. B. CURTIS.

I've numbered my threescore and ten to-night,  
And my life, like a winding stream,  
Looks strangely clear to my faded old sight,  
Like the visions seen in a dream.

There were light and shade when my life was young,  
A blending of gladness and tears;  
There was much to sadden, yet sweet hope flung  
A charm o'er the coming years.

And they came and went like a far-off song;  
I lived them—and saw them depart!  
Some robbed me of treasures I'd cherished for long,  
Some planted new joys in my heart.

O, the grave! the grave! I have jewels there  
That I wore with a mother's pride;  
One went in his childish beauty rare,  
And one in his manhood died!

He is strangely near me—my fair-haired boy—  
Though I've climbed such wearisome steeps,  
Since my tears first fell on the tiny grave,  
Where my beautiful baby sleeps.

How my poor heart ached as they bore him away  
To his narrow resting-place,  
And I longed to clasp him—the beautiful clay,  
With his innocent, angel face!

And my soldier boy, as I held him close,  
In the morn of his infant life,  
How little I thought he should fall, one day,  
In the battle-field's deadly strife!

But I'll find him there with the little one,  
Together, my first born and last,  
Yes, three who have called me "mother," have gone  
O'er the stream that speeds on so fast.

Then why should I grieve for the dear ones gone,  
Since I'm sure they're safe in the fold?  
While, feeble and falt'ring, we've struggled on,  
They've never grown weary or old.

But I'm almost home, even now, I think,  
There's a sound of a muffled oar,  
And I see, through the mist on the river's brink,  
A light from the other shore.

I wanted to tell you I only wait  
For my Father's beckoning hand,  
When I'll enter the beautiful, pearly gate,  
That opes on the better land.

I think He'll accept me—the Master above—  
Unworthy, yet washed and made white,  
I'll share in the rest that he gives his beloved,  
And satisfied wake in his sight!

### WORK.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

Do thy work speedily, child of the earth,  
Waste not a moment in sorrow or mirth;  
Life is a mystery, shaded with gloom,  
Bearing us rapidly on to the tomb.

Work hath been given thee, do not delay,  
Carelessly trifling the moments away;  
Dreamily floating on life's silvery tide,  
Stealthily down to the ocean we glide.

Life is receding, the hours as they pass  
Bear in their bosoms the sands from its glass;  
Why should we linger on time's crested wave,  
Gathering baubles to garnish the grave?

Think you the treasures that lie in the deep  
Would soften earth's pillow, or sweeten our sleep?  
Far sooner the thought, that earth's glittering toys  
Were lost in the struggle for holier joys.

## WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN AMERICA.\*

IN the following observations, let our readers understand, that however severe or unpopular our opinions may seem to be with regard to the demeanor and social life of women in America, our remarks only apply to the underbred women of the great cities—to women who affect to be ladies and gentlewomen, without ever having studied, known, or imagined the qualities of mind and manner that combine to form the *beau ideal* of the female character. There are in all countries of the world—the British Isles most certainly not excepted—vast numbers of women who are not ladies or gentlewomen. The peculiarity of America, where ladies and gentlewomen are to be found charming as elsewhere, is that those who are not ladies or gentlewomen, but merely women, without proper social or intellectual education and training, assume a position as if they were, and exact from the opposite sex a deference to which they are not entitled.

No European who has traveled much or resided long in America ever fails to notice that shyness is not the special characteristic of the majority of the fair sex, especially in the Northern and Western States. There are of course many lovely exceptions, but the majority of American women, young and old, consider themselves as well able to fight the great battle of life as the stronger sex. They are doubtless good daughters, good wives, and good mothers; but there is a manliness about their demeanor, a self-confidence of action and behavior, which are not pleasant to the eye of a stranger, accustomed to the softer specimens of female humanity in the Old World. A woman who shrinks from no man's gaze—who can return stare for stare, word for word, or, in case of urgency, the blow physical for the blow moral—who, if deceived in her affections, can administer the personal chastisement of the cowhide on the back of her betrayer, or inflict summary vengeance with her revolver—is not exactly the kind of person, notwithstanding all the many good qualities which she may possess, that one would like to set up as the guide and model of her sex. Even the Americans are beginning to confess that these very strong-minded women are much too numerous among them, and that

the sex has been *tant soit peu* spoiled by unreasonable deference and excessive adulation.

The women of the great cities who are met with at hotels and boarding-houses, in the railway carriages and steamboats, at all places of public resort—the women who are well-to-do in the world, and can afford to amuse themselves and spend money—may excite the admiration of all beholders; but if they do, it is for the characteristics of the sunflower and the peony, rather than for those of the violet or the mimosa. The woman of this type does not invite your deference by those mute appeals which are irresistible in other countries; she commands it as a sovereign does the loyalty of a subject. She will not allow you to perform an act of courtesy by your own free will. She exacts it from you as her right, for which she owes you neither gratitude nor acknowledgment. She does not need your help; she helps herself. If you can go out into the public thoroughfare alone and unattended, so can she.

And not only the married but the single ladies exercise the same liberty. The unmarried girl of nineteen or twenty, living with her father and mother, has as much freedom of locomotion, companionship, and amusement, as her brother of the same age. She accepts invitations and pays visits on her own account, and does not think it at all necessary to ask permission of her elders. Sometimes she has the privilege of the latch-key if she stays out late at the theater. Still oftener she has the privilege, if she chooses to exercise it, of her own private box or pigeon-hole at the post-office of the town where she resides, where she can have her letters addressed, and whither by a "Ladies' Entrance," where no profane male can intrude, she can resort when she pleases and unlock her box from the outside, and take away her letters without observation. The merchants, bankers, and lawyers of the town, for a small annual payment, have their private letter-boxes, and why should not she? To young women at the susceptible age, only half educated, and whose favorite reading is the trashy novels that are reprinted from the English penny papers, or that appear for the first time in American periodicals of the same character—novels in which there can not be too much love, or seduction, or bigamy, or murder, for the prevalent taste of a class—the post-office system offers a facility for clandestine correspondence which no respectable father or mother on the European side of the Atlantic would think of without a shudder, if it were proposed to give our young women a similar

\*This article we select from the January number of Blackwood's Magazine. It is evidently from the pen of an enemy, but it is often well to know what our enemies think and say of us. Some of its pungency, however, arises from its truthfulness. Some parts of the article, glaringly false and unjust, we omit.—ED.

privilege. The young unmarried girls of Europe, living with their parents, can, if they earnestly set about it, carry on a secret correspondence with persons of the other sex, but they can not do it easily. They must take the neighboring pastrycook or stationer into their confidence; but in America the confidence of no third party is necessary. If a boy can receive letters, why not a girl? The *demos* is of no sex; and young and old, men and women, fathers, mothers, and children, are all mashed and brazed in one mortar of republican equality.

M. de Tocqueville, from whose keen vision nothing in the manners and institutions of the American was wholly hidden, observed like every other traveler the extreme self-assertion of the women, and endeavored to account for it in a manner creditable to the democratic spirit:

"Among almost all Protestant nations," he says, "young women are far more the mistresses of their own actions than they are in Roman Catholic countries. This independence is still greater in Protestant countries like England, which have retained or acquired the right of self-government; freedom is there infused into the domestic circle by political habits and by religious opinions. In the United States the doctrines of Protestantism are combined with great political liberty and a most democratic state of society; and no where are young women surrendered so early or so completely to their own guidance. Long before an American girl arrives at the marriageable age her emancipation from maternal control begins; she has scarcely ceased to be a child when she already thinks for herself, speaks with freedom, and acts on her own impulse. The great scene of the world is constantly open to her view; far from seeking to conceal it from her, it is every day disclosed more completely, and she is taught to survey it with a firm and calm gaze. Thus the vices and dangers of society are early revealed to her; as she sees them clearly, she views them without illusion, and braves them without fear; for she is full of reliance on her own strength, and her confidence seems to be shared by all around her. An American girl scarcely ever displays that virginal softness in the midst of young desires, or that innocent and ingenuous grace which usually attend the European women in the transition from girlhood to youth. It is rare that an American woman, at any age, displays childish timidity or ignorance. Like the young women of Europe, she seeks to please, but she knows precisely the cost of pleasing. If she does not abandon herself to evil, at least she knows that it exists; and she is remarkable rather for purity of man-

ners than for chastity of mind. I have been frequently surprised, and almost frightened, at the singular address and happy boldness with which young women in America contrive to manage their thoughts and their language, amidst all the difficulties of free conversation; a philosopher would have stumbled at every step along the narrow path which they trod without accident and without effort. It is easy, indeed, to perceive that, even amidst the independence of early youth, an American woman is always mistress of herself; she indulges in all permitted pleasures, without yielding herself up to any of them; and her reason never allows the reins of self-guidance to drop, though it often seems to hold them loosely."

M. de Tocqueville was always inclined to look favorably upon the Americans, and to palliate as much as possible whatever he could not heartily commend, either in their institutions or their manners. He does not, however, in this passage, mention all the causes that, separately or conjointly, tended in his time, and are tending more powerfully in the present day, to harden and unfeminize the manners and demeanor of all but those true and gentle ladies whose good sense is equal to their beauty.

Among the most prominent of these causes are, first, the over-strained and ill-bred gallantry of the men; secondly, the ultra democracy of political institutions, which, by allowing a vote to the lowest bully of the streets, has the effect of persuading women of a superior class that they to whom men pay so much social deference are unjustly treated in being denied political rights; and last, and perhaps the most potent of all, the public life of hotels and boarding-houses, where so many thousands of families are contented, from year's end to year's end, to pass a vapid existence, to avoid the care and trouble of domestic life and the management of servants.

The "gallantry," so called, of the men is a consequence of the fashion rather than a prompting of the heart, and has so overshot its mark as to become more offensive than agreeable to sensible women. Being so universal, the great mass of women have either come to think nothing of it, or to presume upon it to an extent not exactly consistent with womanly decorum. If a man travels by street-car or by railway, and has comfortably taken his seat, intending to retain it for the whole of the journey, he only occupies it upon the sufferance of the first woman who enters. There is no law against the overcrowding of public vehicles; and if there be such a law, it

is never enforced. If any number of women— young or old, well-dressed or ill-dressed, ladies or scullions—enter after the seats are all filled, it is expected that men shall vacate their places to accommodate them, although the newcomers might just as well wait another chance in the next as obtrude themselves into that particular vehicle. If no one offers to rise, the "lady" goes boldly up to the unhappy wight in possession, and informs him without periphrase that she wants his seat. If he obey the command, she coolly takes his place, without, in nine cases out of ten, thinking it necessary even by a look to let him know that she is grateful for the courtesy.

If a traveler going, perhaps, from New York to Chicago, a distance of twelve hundred miles, have occasion to leave the car to obtain refreshment, and have deposited his coat, traveling rug, cap, book, or newspaper on the seat, to retain possession, it is possible that on his return he will find all those articles scattered upon the floor amid the saliva of the tobacco-chewers, and a woman installed in the place. Redress is impossible; remonstrance is useless. Public opinion, and what is called "gallantry," side with the aggressor, and he of the weaker sex has nothing for it but to pick up his "duds," in dudgeon or not, as the state of his temper may decide, and look out for other accommodation. A newly-arrived German or Irish girl, who, in her own country, would have been glad to clean a gentleman's boots for sixpence, speedily apes the manners that prevail in the land of her adoption, and will insist upon as much deference as if she were a duchess. She will go up to a gentleman old enough to be her grandfather, and perhaps rich enough to employ a score of such as she in the work of his household, and order him to vacate a seat for her accommodation. It is not to be imagined, however, that the men of America do not sometimes chafe under this oppression, or openly resist it when the opportunity is favorable.

The ultra-democracy of political life in the republic has more effect upon the manners of what should be the softer sex than might be suspected. M. de Tocqueville admitted the fact; but he so qualified it and refined it away by exceptions to flatter the Americans, as to render his description of the social status of women not quite consistent with truth. "In no country," he says, "has such constant care been taken to trace two clearly-distinct lines of action for the two sexes, and to make them keep pace one with the other, but in two pathways which are always different. American women never manage the outward concerns of

the family, or conduct a business, or take part in political life."

This picture may have been true in the rural districts in the remote period when M. de Tocqueville wrote, but is by no means true at the present day. Women do manage the outward concerns of the family, they do conduct businesses, and they do take prominent parts in political life. Nothing is more common, for instance, than for women to gain their livelihood by canvassing for books and newspapers—going from office to office, from store to store, and from house to house soliciting orders—perhaps for Mr. Greeley's "History of the War," or a map of the United States, a life of the favorite candidate for the Presidency, or for advertisements to be inserted in the "Exterminator" or the "War Christian;" or, it may be, for subscriptions to volumes of their own poems. They ply their trade with an audacity and pertinacity which, if they were men, would, in many instances, lead to their forcible expulsion, and with a degree of success which no man, however insinuating, could hope to equal. This is but one of the many avocations of women. A much more common pursuit is that of boarding-house keeping, in which great numbers in every town and city of the Union are engaged—a business which they generally manage extremely well, while their husbands, if they have any, are engaged in some other department of mercantile or professional life.

We now come to the last, though not perhaps to the greatest, of the causes that produce the forwardness of women, so much more conspicuous in America than elsewhere. It is loudly proclaimed in the States that all labor is honorable. Such is the theory, to which, however, neither men nor women conform in practice. It is honorable in a man to dig in a garden, to plow a field, to fell timber, or to split rails, to pack pork, to be a tailor, a shoemaker, a mechanic, or handicraftsman of any kind; but it is not thought honorable or consistent with the dignity due to a man who has a vote to be a domestic servant. The women, in the same way, will consent to be factory girls, railway clerks, seamstresses, dressmakers, or drapers' and milliners' assistants; but they will not condescend to become cooks, housemaids, or chambermaids. The very word "servant" is objected to as synonymous with slave, and service becomes "help" in the language of these proud republicans. The word "master" suffers the same exclusion from the vocabulary, for the same reason; for master savors of slavery. The master of a household in the Northern States is the "boss," by which name the



servants or "helps" always speak of him; and the mistress is invariably addressed by her name, and never as "mistress," "missus," or "madam." One servant or "help" never asks another if "missus" rang the bell, but if Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith, as the case may be, rang it. When spoken to by the mistress, they do not reply "Yes, ma'am," or "No, ma'am;" but "Yes, Mrs. Jones," or "Yes, Mrs. Smith." Even an employer of other than domestic labor is not recognized as a master. There are boss-barbers, boss-builders, boss-carpenters, boss-tailors; but no masters of these or any other crafts.

The consequence of this inveterate dislike to domestic service, and to the social inferiority implied in it, is that none but the newly-arrived Irish and the negroes will consent to do the work of the house, the kitchen, or the stable. The negroes do not exist in the North in sufficient numbers to supply the want of "help," and the Irish are so ignorant, so insolent, and so extravagant, as to be the plague of every household which they enter. They take situations as professed cooks, without being able to boil an egg or a potato. They waste thrice as much food as they consume, and their dirtiness and want of order and system natural to them in their original hovels of Connemara or other piggeries in which they may have been born and bred, become most provoking and unnatural in their new sphere of life.

In consequence of this sore affliction, house-keeping in the great cities, such as New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and others, is so disagreeable to the man who likes a dinner well cooked, even if it should be plain, and so offensive to the woman who desires to have some little enjoyment of her life, that in sheer desperation husbands and wives who ought to be able to keep up an establishment of their own, betake themselves to hotels and boarding-houses, where unhappily they incur worse dangers and suffer greater evils than those from which they have attempted to escape.

No man is idle in the United States. Every one has his work to do, and his fortune to push, so that the married woman, living in the hotel or boarding-house, is left to herself at an early hour in the morning, and sees nothing of her husband till he comes home to dinner. This of course happens in England as well as in America to the great majority of people. But in England the married woman can always occupy her time in the management of her household and her children, and can only contrive to find leisure for reading, music, and

other amusements, when her domestic duties have been discharged.

Not so the American woman living in the hotel or boarding-house. She has no marketing to do, no household expenses to economize, no servants to govern—nothing to occupy her attention but the care of her own person. She dresses several times a day in a new costume for every meal; for as she has to be seen and criticised by her own sex, as well as by the men in whose presence she breakfasts or dines, she has to make as fashionable and gay an appearance over her earliest as over her latest repast. If the weather be very fine she promenades in the fashionable streets, and goes shopping to the great "dry-goods store" or the jeweler's; or if this be over for the day, or the weather not to her mind, she resorts to the public room called the parlor, sits in a rocking-chair, one of the greatest social curses of the country, and chats with some other listless idler of her own sex, or, still rocking herself, reads the last new novel. The only privacy that a life of this kind allows to the married couple is that of the sleeping chamber. And that women living such a life, always in the glare of publicity, and with nothing to occupy their minds or their time, should remain as timid or modest in their manners as people who live at home, and employ their minds in wholesome pursuits, is scarcely to be expected.

The young children who are forced to lead this kind of life are to be as greatly pitied as their mothers. Their only playgrounds are the long corridors or staircases of the hotel, unless the mother take them to the public square or park for an occasional holiday in fine weather. By constant association with their elders they become prematurely knowing, and little ladies of nine or ten give themselves the airs and indulge in coquetries that at eighteen or twenty might be pleasant enough, but which in such children are painful to witness. The girls are indulged with jewelry when yet infants, and little creatures unable to walk have rings on their fingers and bracelets on their arms. A boy or girl of nine or ten years of age, living with its parents at a hotel, thinks nothing of coming down to the public breakfast-table by itself. It is amusing, though to a certain extent unpleasant, to notice with what delight these small creatures give their orders to the waiters, and what copious breakfasts are spread before them. Chop, steak, fish, potatoes, scrambled eggs, ham, sausage, oysters, corn-cake, buckwheat-cake, toast, and rolls—all these enter into the catalogue of their wants, the corn and buckwheat-cake being usually rendered

more agreeable to the youthful palate by large quantities of sirup. To see them eat is, as the Americans say, "a caution."

The American women live too much in-doors, and take too little exercise. The Summers are too hot to admit of much pedestrianism, and it is only in Winter, when the ponds and rivers are frozen over, that the ladies can indulge in the one out-of-door amusement of which they are passionately fond—that of skating. Heat, however, is the greatest enemy of their health and beauty. In Summer it pours down upon them from the skies—in Winter it is generated for them within doors by furnaces burning a dry anthracite coal that parches out all the moisture from the air they breathe, and dries them up to such a degree as to give them the outward appearance of old age before they are much past the prime of life. They begin at a very early age to indulge themselves in sweet-meats—"candies," as they are called—and continue the injurious practice to their maturity and old age, to the detriment not only of their teeth and beauty, but of their health. That something is radically wrong, either in the climate, the mode of life, or the social peculiarities of the women of America, has long been suspected and asserted by philosophers and physicians.

"The remark," says Dr. Harvey Lindsey, an American physician practicing at Washington, "has often been made by Europeans who have visited this country, and the melancholy truth has been confirmed by Americans who have traveled in Europe, that American women suffer more from ill-health than the women of other countries. My attention has been for some time past particularly directed to the subject, and I am convinced that the remark is undoubtedly true to an alarming extent. Not only is the average health of our countrywomen much less robust than that enjoyed by corresponding classes in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, but it is much more infirm than that of the other sex in our country. . . . With respect to their inferiority in point of vigor, strength, and robustness to the women of England, I believe there is not one dissenting voice among those who have enjoyed the most ample opportunities for comparison, and whose attention has been directed to the subject. The Englishwoman has a much more florid and healthful complexion, a much more vigorous person, and is capable of enduring much more fatigue and exposure. The slender, delicate, and fragile form, the pale, sallow, and waxen complexion, which are so common among us, are much seldomer seen in Europe."

The late Mr. George Combe, who quoted this passage in his "Notes on the United States," says that the American ladies ascribe their maladies to the variable nature of the climate; but declares his opinion to be, that their own habits of life contribute much more than the climate to their sufferings; that they do not as a rule walk abroad for the sake either of air or exercise; that they pass their time both by day and night in overheated and unwholesome apartments; and that they eat too much pastry, sweets, and animal food. If American physicians did not proclaim the same facts it would be considered unjust, or at least ungallant, for any English traveler even to allude to a subject so delicate.

#### THE MAGNET OF THE WORLD.

NEARLY all my readers can recall that favorite fiction of their childhood—the voyage of Sinbad the Sailor into the Indian Sea. They will remember that magnetic rock that rose from the surface of the placid waters. Silently Sinbad's vessel was attracted toward it; silently the bolts were drawn out of the ship's sides, one by one, through the subtle attraction of that magnetic rock. And when the fated vessel drew so near that every bolt and clamp were unloosed, the whole structure of bulwark, mast, and spars tumbled into ruin on the sea.

So stands the magnetic rock of Worldliness athwart the Christian's path. Its attraction is subtle, silent, slow, but fearfully powerful on every soul that floats within its range. Under its enchanting spell, bolt after bolt of good resolution, clamp after clamp of Christian obligation, are stealthily drawn out.

Jesus Christ foresaw the perils which his followers would encounter from an insnaring worldliness. He foresaw the fatal rock. The apostles forewarned Christians against it by crying aloud, "Be ye not conformed to this world." They clearly saw that as soon as a person becomes the slave of the world he becomes the enemy of Christ. As soon as a Church member gets a keen relish for the pursuits, the pleasures, and the fashions of the irreligious, he begins to dislike the service of God. His days are given to the world; and evening after evening spent in the festive party, the opera-house, and the club-room, leave him no time for the prayer meeting, and no heart for private devotions. His heart deserted Christ long ago; all that is left is the hollow shell of a Christian profession.—Cuyler.

## BAYARD TAYLOR.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

AS traveler, poet, and novelist, Bayard Taylor has attained a wide reputation. Not believing the old adage, that a man can not do many things well, he, having first won fame as a traveler—for his first honors certainly came from his book of travels—entered the lists of poetry. Having, in these two ways, won an assured position in American literature, he next became a novelist. Within the last two years three works of fiction from his pen have compelled the reading world to acknowledge his talent, however much they may deprecate some of his views.

Bayard Taylor made his entrance into literature as a poet. His first volume, containing "Xemina, a Legend of the Sierra Morena," was published in 1844, when he was only nineteen. The same year he visited Europe, and the record of his two years of travel there is given in "Views Afoot." In 1848 he published "Rhymes of Travel," containing principally poems relating to his journey. Having left the Old World for the New, his inspiration was higher, and his success greater than before. In 1849 he visited California, returned the next year by way of Mexico, and soon after published his experiences in "El Dorado." His book of "Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," published in 1851, contained several of his finest pieces, and greatly increased his reputation as a poet. The same year he set out on a protracted tour in the East. He was absent from home two years and four months, and in that time traveled over fifty thousand miles. The record of this journey is given in three books, "A Journey to Central Africa," "The Lands of the Saracen," and "India, Lou Choo, and Japan." Mr. Taylor's books of travel have been deservedly popular, and this has, partially at least, hindered the growth of his poetical fame. He has probably traveled more than any man of his years in the world. As a descriptive writer he ranks high. We know of no more interesting work of its kind than "Views Afoot." In some other books, stranger and more wonderful scenes may be described, but to the casual reader no other has the charm of the first. Simple, graceful, yet enthusiastic, we see the author in every page, and, almost unconsciously, find ourselves sympathizing with him in his wonder or delight. In all of his books there is this charm. Clear eyed and quick brained, he seizes and puts before the reader the most important points of every scene, and instructs while he interests.

Of Mr. Taylor's novels we will say but little. Unquestionably full of talent, he uses his power often merely to produce clever caricatures. The merit of his first book was the originality of its heroine, but it contained opinions and views of people that could not but offend the moral sense of the reading public. "John Godfrey's Fortunes" went farther, so far as to call down upon its author the censures of the religious press. In "The Story of Kennet" he has seemed to avoid all these points, to present simply a picture of Pennsylvania life. It is, in many respects, the best of his works so far. The characters are, most of them, well drawn; the story is interesting and well told.

It is as a poet that we wish chiefly to consider Mr. Taylor. Taking rank, as he does, as first among the minor poets of our country, it is but just to see how this position is sustained by his verse. In the dainty blue-and-gold volume before us there are, arranged under various names, all of his poems except his juvenile effort, and his last poem, "The Pictures of St. John." Of these, "Poems of the Orient" seem to us the most beautifully written, the *Poet's Journal*, notwithstanding much that it contains, not equaling it in passionate fervor of expression, in sensuous and dreamy harmony. In the poem addressed to R. H. Stoddard he gives the story of his poetical passion, and as no words will so adequately describe it as those of the poet himself, we quote. After describing the fairy land in which his friend revels, and his own attempt to master its speech, he goes on:

"And now I turn to find a late content  
In Nature, making mine her myriad shows,  
Better contented with one living rose,  
Than all the gods' ambrosia; sternly bent  
On wresting from her hand the cup whence flow  
The flavors of her ruddiest life—the change  
Of climes and races—the unshackled range  
Of all experience, that my songs may show  
The warm red blood that beats in hearts of men.  
And those who read them in the festering den  
Of cities, may behold the open sky  
And hear the rhythm of winds that blow  
Instinct with freedom."

This is his poetical creed, and is in accordance with what we know of his nature and education. Truly and faithfully working in this way, his highest fame would be achieved. As for the poems themselves, in the words of another, "They are glowing with the warm light of the East, and contain passages rich, sensuous, and impetuous as the Arab sings in dreams, with others, gentle, tender, and exquisitely modulated as ever were murmured by meditative

and sentimental Persian." He has certainly here followed his creed. The poems bear the impress of the skies under which they were written; and the influence of oriental life on the poet is vindicated beautifully in the sonnet on "Nubia." "Kilimardjarr," a glowing address to the monarch of African mountains, has pictures worthy an artist of the pencil instead of the pen:

"There in the gorges that widen descending  
From cloud and from cold into Summer eternal,  
Gather the threads of the ice-generated fountains,  
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,  
And, giving each shelvy recess where they dally,  
The bloom of the North and its ever green turfage,  
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus.  
There, in the wandering air of the tropics,  
Shivers the aspen, still dreaming of cold,  
There stretches the oak from the loftiest ledges,  
His arms to the far-away land of his brothers,  
And the pine-tree looks down on his rival, the palm."

"Amran's Wooing" is free and fervid as the life to which it is supposed to be incident. "The Temptation of Hassan ben Khaled" is an oriental rendering of the belief that he who overcomes temptation is more blessed than he who leads a sinless life, never meeting it; it is instinct with the warm life of the tropics. "Tyre" and "Jerusalem" are impassioned addresses to the two cities, lamenting their ruin.

Turning to the other poems, we find them differing in many respects from these. The burning sky of the Orient is no longer above us; we see the cold northern blue, feel the bracing winds of freedom. Some of the series marked "Earlier Poems" contain finer thought, it seems to us, than any thing Taylor has since written. We know of few poems of its kind more perfect than the "Metempsychosis of the Pine." The poet, "in a moonlight of the mind," which makes dumb "the stir of outer thought," is persuaded by memories and nameless signs, that at some time in the past his spirit was that of a pine; that the same spirit is in both, and the influences under which the pine sang are the same as those under which the poet wrote. Leaving the theory to be approved or combated, we quote:

"Rooted upon a cape that overhung  
The entrance of a mountain gorge, whereon  
The Wint'ry shadow of a peak was flung  
Long after rise of sun.  
Behind the silent snows, and wide below  
The rounded hills made level, lessening down,  
To where a river washed with sluggish flow,  
A many-templed town.  
Poised o'er the blue abyss, the morning lark  
Sang, wheeling near in rapturous carouse;

And hart and hind soft pacing through the dark,  
Slept underneath my boughs.

Down on the pasture slopes the herdsman lay,  
And for the flock his birchen trumpet blew;  
There ruddy children tumbled in their play,  
And lovers came to woo.

And once an army crowned with triumph came  
Out of the hollow bosom of the gorge,  
With mighty banners in the wind aflame,  
Borne on a glittering surge.

Of tossing spears, a flood that homeward rolled,  
While cymbals timed their steps of victory,  
And horn and clarion, from their throats of gold,  
Sang with a savage glee.

I felt the mountain walls below me shake,  
Vibrant with sound, and through my branches poured  
The glorious gust; my song thereto did make  
Magnificent accord.

Some blind harmonic instinct pierced the rind  
Of that slow life which made me straight and high,  
And I became a harp for every wind,  
A voice for every sky."

In "Renunciation," the poet tells of his boyish worship of nature—of the time when

"I heard the harmonies of twilight skies,  
The rippling idyls of the harvest corn. . .  
Until, divinely saddened, through and through  
I tried their song to echo, but in vain."

Then comes the awakening, and the earth, which had seemed but the beautiful reflection of his own happiness, lies in dumb apathy before him, drear and indifferent. In the close he recognizes that the earth is not the echo of man, save as he seeks and finds in nature something which shall accord with his own joy or sorrow; that

"He gives to earth the joy that flows from him;"

and that man, being infinitely above nature, is far more worthy of the poet's honor. Here again, though with a difference, he renews his vow, to give the changes of nature, only as they may relate to man.

"The Bison Track," in the series of Californian ballads and poems, has the dash and vigor of the chase. Utterly different is "The Quaker Widow," as delicate and finely drawn a picture as could well be imagined. In "In the Meadows," the poet, lying in the inner temple of Nature, soothed by the hush of her perfect repose, can not forget death. About "The Phantom" there is a subtle charm no words can touch; which only the quotation of the entire poem—for which we have not space—could make apparent to the reader. "Mondasim" is the Indian romance of the maize. "The Song of the Camp" gives, beautifully, an incident of the Crimean War. We have not



space for "The Angel of Patience," "The Vineyard Saint," and "Sunken Treasures," three poems, different entirely, but all beautiful in conception and treatment. Of "Autumnal Vespers," which is, we think, one of the finest thoughted of all his poems, we quote the first and last verses:

"The clarion wind that blew so loud at morn,  
Whirling a thousand leaves from every bough  
Of the purple woods, has not a whisper now;  
Hushed on the uplands is the huntsman's horn,  
And huskers whistling round the tented corn;  
The snug, warm cricket lets his clock run down,  
Scared by the chill, sad hour that makes forlorn  
The centuries gold and brown.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star  
In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim  
With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for him,  
And, darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.  
I will be patient lest my sorrow bar  
His grace and blessing, and I fall supine;  
In my own hands my want and weakness are—  
My strength, O God! in thine!"

Many of Mr. Taylor's poems seem records of his own emotions—transcripts of personal experience. One episode of his life which may not be very well known, we give in the words of Mr. Griswold: "In his boyhood, Bayard Taylor discovered in a fair young angel of the place where he was born, that portion of himself, which, according to the old mystery, should crown each nature with perfection and happiness. . . . There are a thousand evil things that mar each plan of joy; the marriage was deferred, perhaps for the poet to make his way in the world, and when he came back from California there was perceived another reason for deferring it; she was in ill health, and all that could be done for her was of no avail, and the suggestion came, the doubt, and finally the terrible conviction, that she had the consumption, and was dying. He watched her suffering day by day, and when hope was quite dead, that he might make little journeys with her, and minister to her as none could but one whose light came from her eyes, he married her; while her sun was setting placed his hand in hers that he might go down with her into the night. . . . She lived a few days—a few weeks, perhaps—then he came back to his occupations, and it was never mentioned that there had been any such events in his life."

"The Poet's Journal" is the story of this love, of the sorrow of its ending, of his final return to life, and his marriage. It is a collection of short poems, unconnected except by the thread of feeling that runs through them. After the opening and dedication, comes the first even-

ing, where the poet, visiting the friend of his boyhood, reads to him this journal. Through all these runs the blank despair of loss. From the first cry of the soul in "Darkness," and "The Dead March," the longings for love in "On the Headlands," the questions of right, and disposition to leave all to chance in "Squandered Lives," to the last "Symbol," a thunder-storm, which may the waking be "into life from apathy," it is but variations on one theme. The second evening describes the slow recovery from despair, the influences of season, of day and month; the reminders in nature of his sorrow. "The Lost May" contains the most beautiful description, but purer and sweeter is the poem entitled, "The Chapel." After this comes the faint daybreak, and the questioning heart asks, "If love should come again." The opening poem of the third evening is "The Return of Spring," and the title indicates the tenor of the ones following. "Love Justified," and "The Vision," answer the poet's question whether it be treachery to the dead to love again. "Possession," then "The Mystic Summer," and closely following, "The Family," closes the Poet's Journal.

"The Picture of St. John" is Mr. Taylor's last and longest poem. It is an Italian story, thrown into smooth, though somewhat peculiar verse, of an artist who, in the ardor of his youth, resolved to paint a picture of the Evangelist. Of his boyhood, and his early longings for art, he says:

"Long ere the growing instinct reached my hand,  
It filled my brain; a pang of joy was born  
When, soft as dew, across the dewy land  
Of Summer beamed the crystal-hearted Morn;  
And when the lessening day shone yellow cold  
On fallow glebe and stubble, I would stand  
And feel a dumb despair its wings unfold."

He visits Italy, and there meets his fate in a nobleman's daughter, whose portrait he is engaged to paint. The artist and lady flee together to his Bavarian home, where, the next year, a son is born to them. Some time after the mother dies, and the artist and child go back to Italy. He had before this resolved that the boy should be his model for St. John, and, as soon as he is old enough, the picture is begun. Only begun, however, for in a brief absence of the artist the child is stolen. The father finds him, after a weary search, in the nobleman's palace; the marquis having thus avenged the artist's theft, years before. In his attempt to carry the boy away he is killed by his grandfather. Then follows a long period of darkness and despair; but the artist having partly recovered, the boy appears to him in a

dream, and the picture, begun so long before, is at length finished.

The story is Italian in treatment as well as design. The verse seems steeped in the warm languor of the South. Not admiring the story much, we have yet, in reading, found some exquisitely-drawn pictures. This is, in fact, its greatest merit. There is very little thought in the book. It is a passionate love story, intermingled with descriptions of nature, and of some Italian cities. Beautiful fancies abound; yet in reading it we confess to a feeling of disappointment. It is carefully elaborated, has been written, it is evident, slowly; but it lacks the freedom of thought some of his earlier poems contain. It is hardly a poet's greatest praise to say that his descriptions are beautiful; this should be but the embroidery on the tapestry of thought. We have not space for a lengthened analysis of the poem, and it is, perhaps, hardly worthy of it. In some respects an advance on any previous poem, in high and refined thought, in free expression of the truth it is deficient. It is dedicated beautifully to the artists. Whether, in the words of the poet, it shall pass "to swift forgetfulness," or be accepted with other gems of our language, the judgment of the world will say.

#### WE'RE GROWING OLD.

BY MRS. M. E. W. ALEXANDER.

By golden memories borne along  
Like snatches of forgotten song,  
From hill-tops green and valleys where  
Sweet childhood wrote its promise fair,  
By flowers that strewed life's vernal slope,  
By visions bright, winged birds of hope  
We saw on drooping pinions soar;  
We're growing old, to be young no more.

By youth departed, fancy fled,  
By hearts benumbed and feeling dead,  
By hateful tasks that crucify  
Our souls with dull reality,  
By good or evil we have done,  
Trials have shared, or triumphs won,  
Whether the cross or palm we bore;  
We're growing old, to be young no more.

By all of worldly wisdom spurned,  
By all life's bitter lessons learned,  
By time improved, or moments lost,  
Work unachieved, ambition crossed,  
By fickle fate and fortune's frown,  
By idols lost and wrecks gone down  
Where Lethe's sullen waters roar;  
We're growing old, to be young no more.

By Summer leaves and sultry noons,  
By Autumn sheaves and harvest moons,

Our tears flow out, O Age! to thee,  
Like rivers to the open sea,  
As rounding life's meridian hight  
Chill blow the winds, portends the night,  
Half-way life's stormy voyage o'er;  
We're growing old, to be young no more.

O Thou, whose years are never told,  
Grant us thy grace while growing old,  
That each declining sun we see  
May find us nearer heaven and Thee,  
Some record of a life sublime  
To write on each brief wave of time,  
As drifting farther from the shore,  
We're growing old, to be young no more.

#### GRIEF IS SHORT, AND JOY IS LONG.

"Hast thou cast us off forever?"—PSALM LXXIV.

WHEN the tide of bliss is highest,  
When we closest clasp the toy,  
Then the heart feels grief is highest,  
Trembles, looking on her joy;  
Singing softly, sighing sadly,  
"Joy was never made to last,  
Soon the sky shall be o'ercast,  
And the voices ringing gladly,  
And the pulses leaping madly,  
To death's stillness shall have passed."

When the flood of grief is swelling,  
Deep is calling unto deep,  
Then the soul, in darkness dwelling,  
Sits apart to wail and weep;  
Wailing always, weeping weary,  
Say, "It is perpetual sorrow,  
To-day, to-morrow, each to-morrow  
Rising on the darkness dreary,  
Setting on the evening dreary,  
Only grief from time shall borrow."

Soft! a voice is drawing nearer,  
"Sweet, my love, why lost in woe?"  
Whispering ever, whispering clearer,  
"Rise, my dove, and mourn not so;  
Smooth again thy ruffled plume,  
Thou shalt sing a better song,  
Gird thy spirit and be strong;  
In the life beyond the tomb,  
In the light beyond the gloom,  
Grief is short, and joy is long.

"I am Lord of land and sea,  
Hide thee underneath my shield,  
All my love is pledged for thee  
In Summer sun and harvest field;  
And my covenant thou shalt know  
Where the loving shall not sever,  
Where the storm cloud darkens never,  
Tides will neither ebb nor flow,  
Wandering ships will never go,  
And rests the shining sea forever."

*Sunday Magazine.*

## The Children's Repository.

### JOHNNIE QUAIL.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

SIT down, children, and I'll tell you a story about little John Quail. If it was John Smith, half a dozen pair of red lips would exclaim, "I know two or three John Smiths!" But you do n't know John Quail, for he lived on the banks of the Ohio, and there has n't one of you traveled so far, has there?

"I went to the State Fair last year," and, "I to the springs with ma," and "I out to grandpa Davis's," put in roguish Sue, her round, black eyes twinkling with laughter.

Indeed! what little traveled wonders you are!

John Quail lived on the Ohio, as I said, in the outskirts of a large village. His father's house was built of brick, and was old-fashioned, irregular, and low. The kitchen was a large, rambling room, with two windows and nine doors, and the doors almost always stood open, Summer and Winter. The south window fronted the street, and the other overlooked the garden. A little house stood at the foot of the garden, which was occupied by Judy, a black woman, and her two children. Judy had come across the river from Kentucky ten years before, and in one way and another had gotten together money enough to buy her freedom. You may be sure she felt very proud and pleased when she looked upon her two boys and knew that they were her own, and nobody dare sell or drive them from her. They were bright, active, and good-hearted, and found plenty of friends who would give them odd jobs of work or errands to do.

John, or Johnnie as they generally called him, was a changeable, ill-tempered boy. One day he would be as amiable and generous as you could wish, and the next cross and dangerous as a bear. Every body said he was a "right smart" boy, but he wanted training. He might have trained himself some, I should have thought, but he never did a particle. If he was any ways displeased, he never tried to overlook it, or forget it, or laugh it off; but would have regular angry fits and lie in them for hours.

In the old kitchen was a large Dutch oven. Johnnie's eleventh birthday had come; in the afternoon he was going to have a boat-ride, plenty of spending-money, and after that tea

and strawberry short-cake. Judy's boys had picked a pailful of strawberries, and Judy was going to make the short-cake. It was ten o'clock in the morning, an hour before the boat was due. Johnnie was in the kitchen playing with Dick, the water-spaniel, trying to make him stand up against the oven door. Peter, one of the colored boys, was on his way to the barn to finish his groom-work, and found time to put his head in at the door and say to John that his father "had jist sold old Robin to a man who was going to take him over to Kintuck next day." Old Robin was Johnnie's favorite horse, and this piece of intelligence put him in high rage. Perhaps Peter had a secret pleasure in telling the news, for John was his open enemy two-thirds of the time, and both of Judy's boys were wicked enough rather to enjoy the scenes that followed, when he was what they called "rail tearin' mad."

Johnnie threw himself on the floor with kicks and screams, and nothing could soothe him. After a while he grew quiet as he always did, and lay there silent and stiff, as though he had got through breathing.

"Well," said his father, "if Johnnie's dead we'd better bury him—we'll lay him in the oven till I can dig a grave; here, you take hold of his shoulders and I will of his feet, mother."

So they put him in the oven, and to appearance he did n't stir a muscle. "I'll be back in an hour," said Mr. Quail, "and then you must help me carry him out."

"Yes, I will," and Mrs. Quail went back to the pantry to go on with her work, wondering how long Johnnie's temper would hold out, and grieving that her only boy was possessed of such a spirit. In an hour Mr. Quail came in. His wife stood by the flower-stand trimming a rose geranium; every now and then she had cast glances at the oven-door, which stood a little open, but there was n't any appearance of life there.

"Well, mother, I'm ready now," and Mr. Quail threw the oven-door open. So they took Johnnie out and carried him to the garden and laid him in a little hollow which his father had scooped out. Then he began to throw the dirt upon him carelessly; in about a minute Johnnie jumped up, drew his fists, exclaiming, "I an't dead yet, you need n't think."

"Why, what a bad boy," says roguish Sue, and her black, laughing eyes flash indignantly as she thinks of Johnnie "playing dead" so long. Miss Carrie shrugs her white shoulders, tosses her curls contemptuously with the words, "If I'd been his father, I'd whipped him so he'd been glad to have jumped up, and before

he got to the garden, too." So that's your philosophy, is it, Carrie?

"Pretty good grit to play 'possum that long," and round-face Charlie, at my right elbow, fairly laughs all over at Johnnie's freaks.

Little four-year-old Prudie on the footstool before me looks up; her blue eyes and grave face speak disapproval. "I think it 'th wicked to act tho." Pretty good theology, Prudie.

"But he lost his boat-ride," says Charlie. To be sure he did, though in the afternoon old Robin was harnessed and his father drove with him out into the country several miles. The next day when old Robin was driven to the river to be taken across, Johnnie went over too and spent most of the day on the Kentucky shore. His father gave him five dollars of the money received for the horse, and then he felt very well about the trade, and was ready to be coaxed out of another fit.

"Did n't his father or mother ever punish him?"

Sometimes, but not often or severely. And so the years came and went, bringing their little daily vexations to Johnnie as they will to all of us, and his unhappy temper grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. It was always getting him into trouble: it was the most uncomfortable companion that he could have found the world over. It was like a burglar, ever breaking into some choice room of his heart, or a thief robbing him ever so often, or a murderer taking the life of his best joys and pleasures; and yet hugging the burglar, the thief, or the murderer to his bosom. Strange, was n't it?

He grew older but not better. At college he was expelled: he boasted that they could n't manage him—a true boast, but a shameful one.

Loving one bad companion it was natural he should be sought out by others. Night after night he would be away nobody knew where or for what, except the clique that was with him. You may know his father and mother felt badly that he pursued such a course. They had a pair of twin sons several years younger than Johnnie; these little boys had pleasanter ways and wills than their brother, which was a great comfort. But Johnnie did n't like them very well; he delighted in irritating them, called them the twin Quails, and any thing else that would plague them, and they were always happiest when he was farthest off.

John had been down the river one day to a turkey-shoot, and was on his return home. On board the steamboat was a troupe of circus actors; the wharf was crowded as they went on shore, and there was a good deal of jostling

and treading on each other's toes. John had drank freely of ale all day; somebody else had too, and by accident tumbled against him. John began to curse angrily, a fight followed, and he received a death blow.

They carried him home, and in a few hours he died—died at the age of twenty-one.

There is this saying in an ancient book, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Remember and practice the saying, dear children, for your own and your parents' sake. When Mr. and Mrs. Quail stood by the death-bed of their son, do you think they would have cried so bitterly when they looked on the strange whiteness of his face, if he had died an honorable or a natural death? Ah, no.

*Self-murdered* was the word, that, like a cruel knife, gave them the sharpest heart-pains.

#### A SUMMER CONCERT.

BY MISS T. TAYLOR.

"**H**AVE you heard the news! have you heard the news!" said Mistress Frog, out of breath for hopping. She was panting to tell it, and her eyes fairly started out of her head for fear she had not been the first to announce the great news. "I am sure I hopped fast enough trying to get here first; there was a great spiteful Musketo Hawk ahead of me, with his long wings, but I suppose the greedy wretch has stopped to get another mouthful of breakfast, though he has been feasting and rioting all night. I thank my stars one good fat fly would keep me alive for a month. Stop a moment, Mother Bee, and listen to me."

"I will listen while I am looking in this clover-blossom; I am afraid some one has the start of me this morning; say quick all you want to, I've no time to idle away."

"Well, I'm sure I would rather be under my cool stone at home than in this scorching sun," returned Mistress Frog pettishly. "But there was a grand meeting held this morning; there were a great many representatives from different orders and classes present; to-night will be the birth-night of my respected ancestor, Squire Bullfrog, who has lived fifty years. All agreed to meet this evening near the green pond under the dam. We are to lay aside our prejudices and little peculiarities of race, our petty dislikes and animosities, and join in one united concert. All who can sing are urged to attend, bringing their instruments of course with them. Three hundred fiddling musketoes



are engaged; they will keep their word, you may depend upon it, for they always do as they promise. My venerable ancestor, you know, has a splendid bass voice, unexcelled with his banjo accompaniment. He is in such good voice to-day; he told me he thought he was good for fifty years longer. But I must be off, or some will be spreading the invitations before me; tell all your acquaintances, and do n't fail to come to-night to the green pond under the dam," and off Mistress Frog waddled, swelling with importance.

"Dear me," snapped a Beetle, who had been tugging hard at a large earth-ball, but had kept one ear open to hear what was going on, "how proud some people are of their old ancestors! I would like to know the use of one's living a thousand years, shut up tight in a rock, as they claim their family did some time or other. I am sure I would rather enjoy my life as it goes. I do n't boast of my blood; that's a weakness no member of our family ever has been guilty of. Are you going to-night, Mother Bee?"

"No! no, indeed," buzzed Mother Bee. "I'll stay home and send some of the drones—plenty of them always about willing enough to go to such places; I've got to take care of the work."

"But your voice is good, Mother Bee, and your spinnet accompaniment often really fine."

"I do n't doubt it," returned Mother Bee complacently; "but I'm too homely a body to sing in public; a plain, simple song is good enough for me; but when it comes to trying operatic airs in the high notes, and all the variations, with all the idlers in creation, I beg to be excused." Off she flew humming.

"That same tiresome old song," chirped Monsieur Grasshopper. "Why do n't some of you say it is, it always was, and always will be very monotonous? How some creatures do delight in calling others lazy—showing off their own superiority! This now is pleasanter than sticking one's self all over with honey, and working from morning till night, year out and year in; getting no thanks either. Enjoy life while it lasts, is my motto." He swung himself on the tallest blade of green grass, and walked back and forth, waved by the breeze that passed by. "Shall you go to the concert, Senora Butterfly?" He ogled the pretty creature, who, in a bran new suit of purple and gold, was sunning herself and trying the effect of her outspread wings on a leaf close by.

"There will be a great many plebeians there, will there not?" asked Senora languishingly.

"Yes, I suppose so. One can't go far nowadays without coming in close contact with all

sorts of black creatures; indeed, they say they are becoming quite the rage. But you see this is old Squire Bullfrog's affair, and if he pleases to invite the scum, what better can we do than go and enjoy ourselves, since his respectability is undoubted? If you will grace the occasion by your youth and beauty I shall enjoy it."

"If I could have a reserved leaf," murmured the beauty.

"You shall," answered the flirtatious Monsieur. "Could I be permitted to be as near you as on the other side?"

"Silly fools!" exclaimed an Ant hurrying home. "They belong to the silken aristocracy, indeed! Black scum! I do n't deny I'm black, but I'm not exactly a common house-fly. I must go to this concert; I'll take a troop of servants; there will be some fragments I know for us to pick up and carry home in our pockets. We will enjoy them next Winter when these delicate creatures, this fantastic Senora and Monsieur, have perished with their miserable pride. Out of my way, Earth Worm. I tell you, if you intend going to this concert it is high time you were on your wriggling way."

"I am going because I was invited," said the Worm, meekly crawling out of her way. "I can hide out of sight somewhere, so I can hear without being seen."

"Yes, you have that advantage. I quite forgot it; but you do n't see, you are stumbling in my way again. What blessed things eyes are!"

Twilight came, and musicians and listeners were thronging to the green pond under the dam. The venerable old Squire Bullfrog, whose birthday was to be celebrated in this extraordinary manner, was of course master of ceremonies. He was there in good time, and selected a flat stone in the center of the pond for his position. It was a fine spot for seeing and being heard.

Senora Butterfly came early, hoping a dying ray of sunlight might show off to advantage the luster of her wings. Her reserved leaf was secured; she and her gay friend, Monsieur Grasshopper, intended enjoying themselves if not the music. Fast and faster came the audience and musicians, the three hundred fiddling musketoes, all in good tune, a host of friends and relations of the venerable Squire took the damp places near the edge of the pond. Some, warmed by the excitement of the occasion and the haste they had made to get there, plunged half-way in the water, always taking good care to keep their eyes out, a lesson taught them by many a proud parent. They had often heard they were not handsome, nor peculiarly graceful,

but their eyes were so fine they had been compared to "jewels." So, like politic kings, they kept their best feature foremost.

"How can creatures move so fast over the ground?" said Senora Butterfly, as the Ant, attended by a throng of servants, hurried along, running into every body's way, searching for fragments she determined should not be lost.

"They are well enough in their way," responded her ardent admirer from his side of the leaf—he had bitten a hole in it, through which he could gaze upon his lovely companion. "It is not for wingless creatures to fly!"

"To your places, musicians," croaked the old gentleman from his seat in the pond; "keep time and use your instruments well."

It was not till Sirius came out in his glory and shone directly over the little pond, reflecting his image thereon, that the concert really commenced, and the musicians gave themselves fairly up to their art. Musketoes sustained the high notes, the Frogs threw in bass accompaniments heartily, a Locust, who had promised to keep awake longer than usual, sat on the bark of a willow, his four wings all ready for an early flight as soon as his performance should be over. His solo was applauded. "Plenty of it," criticised Miss Dragon Fly, hovering near Mr. Grasshopper. "I'm sure his eyes are big enough to keep awake," sneered Senora Butterfly. "Do n't mention eyes," retorted the other. "Nature has blessed us all in that particular. Some are more beautiful than others," whispered the flatterer.

On went the concert, merrily and in good time. Squire Bullfrog nearly burst his fat old sides in his eagerness to be heard above all the rest; but he succeeded, and the others often paused in admiration of notes that could not be excelled or even equaled. "Pshaw!" said he, as an ominous sound from a tree near him disturbed him. "I gave no invitation to that pestilent fellow up there; he claims kin to my family, but he knows he lies, the rascal!"

"Rain! rain!" screamed the Tree Frog in triumph. "Rain! rain!" and musicians and audience stopped to listen. "Rain! rain!" he sang out more spiteful and exultant than before. It was no use; all the fun was spoiled by this troublesome fellow, and each began to think of sheltering homes. Sirius, too, believed the fellow, for he drew a black curtain over his face to protect its beauty from the shower. "What do you care for rain?" shouted Squire Bullfrog, swelling with indignation. "Who cares for a wet back? I do n't mind it." "I do," said Daddy Long-legs, hurrying along as fast as his sprawling legs would carry him.

"I'll just catch one or two as they are hurrying off," laughed a cunning Spider, who had been listening and netting, hoping some unwary creature might stumble in his path. "After the concert is over one's prejudices will return, I'm thinking; I know I'm hungry."

"Rain! rain!" screamed the Tree Frog.

"Would that I could protect you, Senora!" shivered frightened Monsieur.

Senora Butterfly returned no answer, but she thought of the good, warm woolen cloak she used to wear before she had wings, or Monsieur made love to her. A sharp flash and loud thunder-peal sent them scattering. Off they all went without saying so much as farewell to the venerable old frog, who sat still on his stone in the pond, not quite alone either, for his relations remained, and big frogs and little frogs huddled close together near him in silence, while the disowned connection kept screeching his dismal song from the tree.

"I should have known better than to expect support from such ephemeral creatures," said the old Squire. "Most likely they have never before seen lightning or heard thunder; no wonder the cowardly creatures were frightened. I thank my stars that long years and experience have taught me to dread neither rain, thunder, nor lightning; be thankful, friends, the shower is refreshing; it will be good for our throats; we are made of different stuff, and will show them when the rain is over what we can do without their fickle, unreliable aid or assistance."

#### A KNOWING LAD.

SOME of our readers may be aware of the fact that mothers, when riding in the city cars, accompanied by their tender offspring, invariably decline paying for the latter, and usually look sour at the conductor if he insists upon the half fare. We witnessed a scene in a Tremont-street car, says a Boston paper, a few days ago, that caused us to smile in a subdued manner, while some of the passengers roared with laughter. A lady, accompanied with a bright little boy, was called upon to pay her fare.

"You won't charge for the lad?" she asked.

"How old is he?" asked the conductor.

"Ahem! well, about three and a half years old," was the answer.

"Five and a half, more like," yelled the young hopeful, and he told his correct age.

The mother paid his fare, but she blushed as she did so.

Children and fools always tell the truth.

## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### The Family Circle.

A TALK TO YOUNG WOMEN.—At the recent anniversary exercises of the Wheaton Female Seminary, at Norton, Mass., an oration was delivered by Rev. Mortimer Blake, of Taunton, who addressed plain and sensible remarks to his audience. We make the following extract:

The physical education of young women demands some far wiser training than any present fashion will allow. I know not why our American women should provoke the world's criticism for their lath-like thinness and premature decrepitude. The clear, bracing air of our New England hills, and the romantic views which they open from summits, and the ever-varying beauties lurking in all our valleys, and our freedom from the old-world conservatisms, ought to give us vigorous, elastic, sprightly young women, with sturdy democratic spines and nerves, instead of ribs as curved and thin as the original one of which Eve was made. But this physical education of young women is a large subject on which I can not enter. I can only say that they need physical vigor, in order to any successful ministry of life, in which neuralgias, and sick headaches, and spinal tortures, and dyspepsias, and early consumptions shall find no entrance. What if it may be fashionable to wear tight garments and thin shoes, and sweep the streets with scavenger skirts, weighted with iron and hung about the waist like a ten-pound shot to a deserter, and then to be so delicate as to be perpetually giving up? Will you kill yourself for the sake of dying *a la mode*? Will you cultivate lassitude and bodily uselessness? Have you no more Yankee independence than to wilt and die at the beck of English aristocrats, who hate strong-backed republicans? The girls of England will walk eight miles and breakfast on roast beef. But American girls, ladies they prefer to be called—the ton—give up at the foot of a hill forty feet high, and declare that they shall die. That giving up is a process often threatened, but I have never seen it performed. It must be a terrible catastrophe when it shall happen, and I beg of you, young woman, never to give up, but save us from its imagined consequences. And then, as to the other part of physical education. I mean work. I know not why there should be such a fastidiousness against honest woman's work, against plain domestic occupations. I can not find in the Bible that woman was exempted from the law of labor, or that it is a disgrace to be caught in the kitchen with its uniform on. I do not see why ignorance of the essentials of bread and meat, and of the broom and washboard, shall be a condition of the highest style of life. I believe it is all mawkish sentimentalism, distilled from European aris-

tocracies, and is wholly hostile to our American republicanism. And I believe that mothers who suffer their daughters to be ignorant of the practical duties of the household, are wronging them of their birthright education, and are fitting them to be the burden instead of the help of any self-dependent young man who may install them in his household.

In our country of variable fortunes, there is no insurance against the wife's compulsion into the kitchen for her daily bread. And so far from its being a consideration in the market, to be too lady-like to work ought to entitle the purchaser of such an article to a large discount in favor of risks in his bargain. A skill in all household duties and processes, and an ambition to excel in them, are an honor to a young woman; and she who is thoroughly educated in all these domestic economies, and enjoys them, is a queen of women. Her price is above rubies. Her husband will be known in the gates, not by his limp dickies and his alkaline skin and gaping seams, but by his trim exterior, his erect form, and his trustful and happy countenance, and his haste to return to his home. But who can find such a young woman? Whisper it softly, if you know, for there are many listeners.

SCOLDING NEVER DOES GOOD.—That is my answer in four words. In the family, in the school, in the pulpit, in the newspaper, scolding is an evil, an evil only, doing no good, but much evil, evil to the scolder and the scolded. It is a nuisance that ought not only to be abated, but abolished, plucked up by the roots, and driven out of every house, and consigned with all other offspring of total depravity, to outer darkness and destruction. It is the worst possible mode of improving the habits of children, and no parent who indulges in it ever had the satisfaction of knowing that scolding benefited his family. It irritates them at the very moment when their hearts and minds should be conciliated toward good resolutions to amend. It sets them up in opposition to the wishes of their parents, and fills them with aversion to what is good. There is no sense in scolding. It is a weakness and a folly, as well as a sin, and a very small amount of reflection and reason would convince any rational person that it would be better to go out to the north side of the house on a bitter wintery day, and blow against a north-wester, than to fret and scold at children to make them good. It is breath in vain.

It is just as foolish in the school as in the family. A scolding teacher is not fit to be a teacher. The same qualities are needed here as in a family, to govern and improve the young. Every well-ordered house and

school have their fixed rules, and to those rules penalties are essential to order and success. Scolding parents and teachers are like barking dogs that never bite.

"I tell you now," says one of these scolders, "if you do that again, I'll take you in hand, and give you such a thrashing as you never had."

The thing is done again, and another scolding, not the thrashing, follows. In a well-governed house, correction is inevitable upon transgression. It is administered in a spirit of kindness, of gentleness, of regret, that tells more powerfully than blows. "Whip me, father, but do n't cry," was the heart-burst of a boy who loved the parent about to punish him for his fault. Punish the child who does wrong, but do not scold him. Never scold any body.

**WHY THE MEN WO'N'T PROPOSE.**—Because they are afraid of the enormous expenses of housekeeping. It requires a little fortune, now, to buy a house, and every article of furniture costs about three times as much as it did ten years ago. Young men of spirit—and they are the only ones worth having now—begin to count the cost of wedlock. When they see the extravagant lengths to which our daughters go in their dress; when they look at the splendid mansions in which their fathers live, their minds begin to run in this channel: "She is a charming girl; in fact, too good for me, but to place such a trusting creature in a condition inferior to the one in which she now finds herself, would be dishonorable, and I must forego the happiness of marrying her, even were she willing, till I have obtained the means of placing her in a social position worthy of her." And while he is bending his energies to bring about this end, years creep on; opinions have changed, views of life have altered; the affections have become chilled and the mind hardened with its attritions of men; preferences have been diverted; and in too many cases an old bachelor and an old maid occupy the places which otherwise might have been the abode of a happy family and a delightful association.

Every body ought to get married who can boast of three things: First, a sound body; second, a sound mind; third, a good trade. This as to men. And as to women, they should possess good health, tidiness, and industry. With these, any young couple can get as rich as they ought to be, or as rich as is necessary to an enjoyable life, if they will only go to housekeeping a little below their ability.

The young should have courage to live within their means; to have more pride in the consciousness that they have a little spare money at home, than living in a style which keeps them all the time cramped in maintaining. Better to live in one room, with all the furniture your own, than occupy a whole house, with scarcely a chair or a table paid for.

#### A YOUNG LADY'S REASONS FOR NOT DANCING.—

1. Dancing would lead me into crowded rooms and late hours, which are injurious to health and usefulness.
2. Dancing would lead me into close contact with very promiscuous company, and "evil communications corrupt good manners."
3. Dancing would require me to use and permit freedom with the other sex, of which I should be heartily ashamed, and which I believe to be wrong.

4. My parents and friends would be anxious about me if I were out late, keeping company with they know not whom.

5. Ministers, and good people in general, disapprove of dancing, and I think it is not safe to set myself against them; if a thing be even doubtful I wish to be on the safe side.

6. Dancing has a bad name, and I mean to study things that are pure, lovely, and of good report.

7. Dancing is generally accompanied with drinking, and I see drinking produces a great deal of evil.

8. I am told dancing is a great temptation to young men, and I do not wish to have any thing to do with leading them astray.

9. Dancing unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer, and I mean to do nothing that will estrange me from my God and Savior.

10. There are plenty of graceful exercises and cheerful amusements, which have none of the objections connected with them that lie against dancing.

**LIKE PARENT, LIKE CHILD.**—Vulgar parents will be likely to have a vulgar child. Their coarseness will be repeated in him. Their selfishness will make him selfish. Their want of forbearance will produce in him a hasty and passionate temper. Deception on their part will lead to falsehood on his. He can feel, if he does not reason; and when a mother shakes and strikes a three-year-old boy because he cries or frets—no matter from what cause—she fosters in him a sense of injustice and a spirit of vengeance. When she beats him for thoughtlessness or carelessness, or threatens him with terrible retributions which are never administered, or frightens him into taking medicine by assuring him that the doctor shall pull out his teeth if he persists in refusing, she undermines her authority, and induces him to treat it and her with deserved contempt. When she soothes his worries or coaxes him into obedience by promises that she knows can not be kept, or inspires him with hopes that will surely be disappointed, is she not teaching him deceit and falsehood, and losing whatever influence she may have had? When the child stumbles over a block and hurts himself, and the mother says, "Naughty block must be whipped!" she teaches a lesson of revenge instead of caution, gives the moral feelings a wrong direction, and nurtures perverse dispositions which will distort his character and imbitter his life.—*Christian Enquirer*.

**THE DEAR BABIES.**—Conventionally, infancy is only another name for innocence. Practically, they are often as wide as the poles asunder. Mothers, of course, will dispute this proposition; yet they know, in the depth of their affectionate hearts, that it is too true. Produce your philanthropic baby. Show us a sample of the race that will not fight. Do they not seize us by the hair, and tug thereat, with exulting war-whoops, as if they longed to scalp us? Is it not necessary to keep their nails short, in order to avoid scarification? Has any baby ever been known to exhibit the slightest emotion of gratitude? It is all very well to say that "heaven is near us in our infancy," but it is the opinion of observant persons, who have studied babies from a philosophical stand-point, that, if their capacity for mischief were equal to their ferocity, they would soon exterminate the adults of the human family.



## WITTY AND WISE.

**PRAYING FOR THE PREACHER.**—During the session of a recent Conference, one of our ablest preachers preached before the colored congregation of the city. At the conclusion of the sermon a colored brother was called on to pray. After general supplications he came to pray for "de dear white brudder who had preached for dem," and the prayer was, "O Lord, bress him, and loosen his stammering tongue, and hang it on de golden wires of salvation!" We heard the Doctor preach in the evening, and we thought the prayer was answered, and that his tongue was indeed on the golden wires.

The above reminds us of an incident in our own ministry. We had been invited to preach in the chapel of an insane asylum. Before beginning the services, the excellent superintendent gave us some instructions with regard to avoiding all excitement, being moderate and short in preaching, etc. We had not proceeded far in our sermon when an aged insane Methodist lady began to shout. We uneasily turned to the superintendent for directions whether to go on or stop, when the cool doctor simply said, "Go on, sir; she shouts for nothing!"

**COLORED ELOQUENCE.**—At the same session of Conference above referred to, some objection was made to some phrases in the report "on the State of the Church." Among others, an objection was made to even a pleasant allusion to our Church as "the established Church," and the Committee was ordered to change it. A colored member of the Conference sent to the Committee the following as a "substitute:" "Call it the Church of the great loyal heart of the land."

**"AND THEN."**—The following story is told of St. Phillippo Neri: He was living at one of the Italian universities, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him what he had been long wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled, his parents having just given him leave to study the law; and that thereupon he had come to the law school in this university on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no pains or labor in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he ran on a long time, and when at last he came to a stop, the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said:

"Well, and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man.

"And then?" asked St. Phillippo Neri, again.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage, and shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my learning, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation."

"And then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then," replied the youth, "why, then I will be promoted to some high office or other; besides I shall make money and grow rich."

"And then?" repeated St. Phillippo Neri.

"And then," pursued the young lawyer—"then I shall live comfortably and honorably in wealth and dignity; and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age."

"And then?" asked the old man.

"And then," said the youth—"and then—and then—I shall die."

Here St. Phillippo again lifted up his voice and said, "And then?" whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. This last "And then?" had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get rid of it. Soon after he forsook the study of law, and gave himself up to the ministry, and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works.

**THE HEAD TURNED ROUND.**—A crazy man was found at a grindstone sharpening a large butcher-knife, and every now and then examining the edge to see if it was keen.

"What are you doing here?"

"Do n't you see? Sharpening this big knife."

"Yes, but what are you going to do with it when sharpened?"

"Cut old Ben Brown's head off, to be sure."

"What! you won't kill him, will you?"

"O no! I'll only cut his head off and stick it right on again 'hind-side before, just to let the old fellow look back upon his past life! It would take him all the rest of his life to review."

What a queer idea the lunatic had in his head! And what if it were so, that every man when he reached a certain age had his face turned around, and was obliged to spend the rest of his days in looking over his past life! Would n't there be strange sights?

**DID N'T CHARGE THEM A CENT.**—The ninth chapter of Matthew was under consideration by a class of young boys, the chapter being read as usual, verse by verse, and then questions were asked by the teacher on the passages read. The account of the raising of Jairus's daughter concludes the chapter, and the last verse of the narrative is as follows: "And he charged them straitly that no man should know it, and commanded that something should be given her to eat." The teacher asked in connection with this verse, "What did Christ command?" "That something should be given them to eat," was the immediate reply. "What did Christ charge them?" was the next question, when a brilliant youth exclaimed, "He did n't charge them a cent!"

**WELL ANSWERED.**—At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last Summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked if he was not the chaplain of college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said his interrogator, "and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

## Scripture Sabbath.

"I WILL BE THEIR GOD."—Christian! here is all thou canst require. To make thee happy thou wantest something that shall satisfy thee; and is not this enough? If thou canst pour this promise into thy cup, wilt thou not say, with David, "My cup runneth over; I have more than heart can wish?" When this is fulfilled, "I am thy God," art thou not possessor of all things? Desire is as insatiable as death, but He who filleth all in all can fill it. I ask thee if thou art not complete when God is thine? Dost thou want any thing but God? Is not his all-sufficiency enough to satisfy thee if all else should fail? But thou wantest more than quiet satisfaction; thou desirest rapturous delight. Come, soul, here is music fit for heaven in this thy portion, for God is the Maker of heaven. Not all the music blown from sweet instruments, or drawn from living strings, can yield such melody as this sweet promise, "I will be their God." Here is a deep sea of bliss, a shoreless ocean of delight; come bathe thy spirit in it; swim an age, and thou shalt find no shore; dive throughout eternity, and thou shalt find no bottom. "I will be their God." If this do not make thine eyes sparkle, and thy heart beat high with bliss, then assuredly thy soul is not in a healthy state. But thou wantest more than present delights—thou cravest something concerning which thou mayest exercise hope; and what more canst thou hope for than the fulfillment of this great promise, "I will be their God?" This is the master-piece of all the promises; its enjoyment makes a heaven below, and will make a heaven above. Dwell in the light of thy Lord, and let thy soul be ravished with his love. Get out the marrow and fatness which this portion yields thee. Live up to thy privileges, and rejoice with unmistakable joy.

THE SABBATH.—"Sabbath is the great regenerator and moralizer of the country—the great safety-valve for it. Look for a moment at the debt we owe to our Sabbath. Look at the sort of thoughts and recollections and associations that are linked with our Sabbath. Why, thousands and tens of thousands of conversions of souls to God are due—instrumentally—to Sabbath. Thousands upon the very brink of ruin have been kept back from perdition by the recurrence of Sabbath. Thousands, whose minds and hearts were wandering and lost, have been sobered and kept balanced by the lessons of Divine wisdom they have learned on Sabbath. Thousands of the afflicted, the sad, sorrowful, broken-hearted by the awful trials of this life, have been comforted and kept from desperation by Sabbath. Hundreds of our plans and schemes of religion and philanthropy are to be traced to Sabbath, and its hallowing influence on the minds and hearts of men. I venture to affirm that nearly every enterprise set on foot with the object of promoting the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind has taken its origin in men's minds on Sabbath, amid its holy retirement and hallowed services. Thousands of minds have been preserved in health and serenity by the return of Sabbath

and its hallowed employments, which would else have gone to wreck and ruin from over-anxiety and over-work. The blessing which a Sabbath is to a land—I speak advisedly—can scarcely be computed. And what else but this will account for the extraordinary jealousy which the great Sovereign of the universe has manifested on the point of Sabbath observance? If there were not something of this kind at the bottom of it, would he have so reiteratedly insisted on Sabbath observance as one of the first of duties, and as the most decisive mark of a people's allegiance to him as the crucial test and sure index of a nation's piety? would he have marked his abhorrence of Sabbath desecration in the manner he has, not only by his express word, but by the punishment inflicted on the Sabbath desecrator?"—*Rev. D. Kelley.*

THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE.—When God changes the condition of his creatures, he accommodates their will to the change. Take, for example, the butterfly. It comes from the egg a creeping worm; it is bred in corruption; it crawls on the ground; and with voracious appetite it lives on the coarsest fare. In time it undergoes a wonderful metamorphosis. The wriggling caterpillar becomes a winged and painted butterfly; and at this change, with its old skin it divests itself of old habits and instincts. Now, the insect has a will as well as wings to fly. And with its bed the bosom of a flower, its food the honeyed nectar, its home the sunny air, and new instincts animating its frame, its will plays in harmony with its work. The change within corresponds to the change without. It spurns the ground; and, as you may gather from its merry, mazy dance, the creature is happy, and delights in the new duties which it is called to perform. Even so it is in that change which grace works in sinners. The nature of the redeemed is so accommodated to the state of redemption, the wishes are so fitted to their wants, their hopes to their prospects, their aspirations to their honors, and their will to their work, that they would be less content to return to polluted pleasures than this beautiful creature to be stripped of its silken wings, and condemned to pass its days amid the old foul garbage—its former food.

THE RELIGION OF THE DAY.—The religion of the day is an *easy-minded* religion, without conflict and wrestling; without self-denial and sacrifice; a religion which knows nothing of the pangs of the new birth and its commencement, and nothing of the desperate struggle with flesh and with the devil, day by day, making us long for resurrection deliverance, for the binding of the adversary, and for the Lord's return. It is a *second-rate* religion—a religion in which there is no largeness, no grandeur, no potency, no noble-mindedness, no elevation, no self-devotedness, no all-sustaining love. It is a *hollow* religion, with a fair exterior, but an aching heart—a heart unsatisfied, a soul not at rest, a conscience not at peace with God; a religion marked, it may be, by activity and excitement,

but betraying all the while the consciousness of a wound hidden and unhealed within, and hence unable to animate to lofty doings, or supply the strength needed for such doings. It is a *feeble* religion, lacking the sinews and bones of harder times—very different from the indomitable, much-enduring, storm-braving religion, not merely of apostolic days, but even of the Reformation. It is an *uncertain* religion; that is to say, it is not rooted on *certainty*; it is not the outflowing of a soul assured of pardon, and rejoicing in the filial relationship between itself and God. Hence, there is no liberty of service, for the question of personal acceptance is still an unsettled thing; there is a working for pardon, but not from pardon. All is thus bondage, heaviness, irksomeness. There is a speaking for God, but it is with a faltering tongue; there is a laboring for God, but it is with fettered hands; there is a moving in the way of his commandments, but it is with a heavy drag upon our limbs. Hence the inefficient, uninfluential character of our religion. It does not tell on others, for it has not yet fully told upon ourselves. It falls short of its mark, for the arm that drew the bow is paralyzed.—*Episcopalian*.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—If a child had been born and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! Parents might tell him of its life, its light, its beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sands into mounds, and try to show him by stalactites how grass, flowers, and trees grow out of the ground; till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land.

And yet, though he longed to behold it, when it came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals and rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright and blue and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all aglitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and interpretations which were made within the cave of the things which grew and lived without; and how he would wonder that he could ever have regretted to leave the silence and dreary darkness of his old abode!

So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where Spring growths are, and where is eternal Summer, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!

THE GOSPEL.—The Gospel is as high as heaven! Into its mysteries the angels desire to look! Yet it kindly condescends to human weakness, and is so adapted to our simplest conceptions of the true, and the right, and the good; addresses so pertinently and so plainly our love, our hope, and our fear; and, above all, it bestows so impartially the good and perfect gifts of the Holy Spirit, as to stand a sufficient minister of grace and salvation, at the right-hand of the lowliest child of human kind that is endowed with reason and with feeling. However he may be cast down, it shows him, what otherwise he must forget, the true dignity

of his nature! Blighted by the cold atmosphere of the world, a servant unto tribute, with few comforts and many cares, he is nevertheless addressed by the Gospel as a *man*, as a creature of God, and as the redeemed of Christ, as an heir of immortality. It encourages, yea, it *inspires* him to talk and act always as becomes his nature and his destiny; to avoid whatever would degrade the spirit, guarded by angels now, and hereafter to become their companion in the "blessed kingdoms meek of joy and love." Hope is commanded never to forsake him!

SELFISHNESS.—It is said selfishness has no soul; that it is a heart of stone incased in iron. Though the spirit of selfishness aims to grasp all, there is, in reality, nothing so self-sacrificing. It robs its own grave, mortgages its own bones, and sells its own soul. The man who is all for himself, is no better to himself than a suicide. He perils all the future for a present gratification; he borrows pleasure at an exorbitant rate of usury, and pays by the immolation of himself, body and soul. Having no eyes to see the miseries of the world, no ear for the wailings of the wretched, no heart for sympathizing with distress, he turns away from all, and seeks to enjoy himself alone. He imagines that his own good will be promoted precisely in proportion as he can detract or take from the general good of society. He concludes that individual and social benefits are mutually antagonistical. His mistakes make him seek to acquire without imparting. The consequence is, his whole mind becomes eventually narrowed down to the little circle of self, wherein he alone revolves as subject, attribute, and object! and he is virtually cut off from association with his fellow-creatures—almost with his God. He is self-sacrificed.

OF THE LOVE OF GOD.—"The most certain token of the love of God," saith St. Gregory the Great, "is, that we receive all the adversities that God shall think fit to lay upon us, without any impatience in thought, word, or action. If we do this, without doubt we truly love God; if not, it is certain that we love him not sincerely, but prefer ourselves and our own things before him, though nothing can be properly said to be a man's own, but sin; every thing else is God's. Take heed, therefore, that thou prefer not even the gifts of God before himself, whom if thou love purely and above all things, then thou shalt hear him speak peace to my soul, according to that saying of our Lord, "He that loveth me, to him will I manifest myself." John xiv, 21 And this manifestation is made by the opening of the understanding, the illumination of the heart by the Spirit of knowledge, of understanding, of fortitude and of fear; and especially by the purifying and enlightening of the inward eye to see and know Jesus Christ."

PRAYER.—Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God, with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army.

## Editor's Study.

## STUDIES ON THE FUTURE LIFE.

## LAST PAPER.

WE continue our rational argument for the immortality of man from,

## IV. THE MORAL ECONOMY OF THE PRESENT LIFE.

When we acknowledge the existence of a Creator we must acknowledge him as the Sovereign and Ruler of the creatures he brings into existence. We know man to be a moral being; we have seen how richly he is endowed with moral attributes—a being of conscience, having the knowledge of right and wrong, of vice and virtue, finding happiness in doing good, and misery in doing wrong, and capable of moral activity. Such a being we would expect to find placed under a moral government, and we unquestionably find that he is so placed in the present life. The keenest sense of justice and injustice, the highest appreciation of the truth that virtue should be blessed and vice punished, have been given him by his Creator. That Creator has revealed himself to him as a God holy and just in all his ways, and governed in all his dealings with his creatures by the essential principles of justice and equity. There is no thought before which the soul would stand more appalled than that the Creator and Father of all could be unholy, unjust, or unequal in his ways toward his creatures. We can only approve and admire the character of God as we apprehend in it the perfection of holiness. In that perfect holiness we feel that it is implied that he must necessarily hate and punish evil, and delight in and reward holiness.

But does God so deal with us in this present life? It is true the good man feels the conscious approbation of God resting upon him, whatever may be the circumstances of his life; and the wicked man generally feels the condemnation of God resting upon him; but do we every-where find virtue prosperous, happy, and blessed, and vice visited with the just displeasure of God? When we cast our eyes over the world, notwithstanding we find in the general course of God's providence sufficient intimations that he is on the side of virtue and the enemy of sin, yet we discover all around us the most unequal distribution of rewards and punishments. Not only do we in countless instances see unquestionable virtue pass unrewarded, and the most glaring iniquity escape punishment, but we even see the highest virtue prostrated, afflicted, and suffering, while vice is prosperous, gay, arrayed in wealth and power, and faring sumptuously every day.

If any truth is clear in the history of the world, and, indeed, in the history of each individual, it is that man is not in this life dealt with according to the deservings of his virtues or the demerits of his vices. The present life is evidently for the individual, not projected on the system of rewards and punishments. It does not meet the case to say that the observance of natural laws brings its reward in health and freedom from suffering, and that their disobedience brings its punishment in the disease and suffering which fol-

low. For this is only one part of our life here, and that the inferior or physical part, while even in this part of our life it is very evident that sickness and suffering, pain and death are not dealt out to us in strict measurement according to our virtue or sin, while, too, obedience or disobedience to the highest moral law is not at all involved in this mere natural retribution. It may be true that the intemperate man suffers punishment in his own person from which the temperate man escapes, but it is not true that our life here is so projected that suffering and disease fall on intemperate and wicked men, and the godly and virtuous are exempt. It is frequently true that the godly and virtuous man is a sufferer from physical ills all his life, while the wicked and intemperate even spend their days in vigorous health and "have no pains in their death." Natural laws and their retributions have their place, and an important one it is, too, in the system of life, but we can easily see that the place is a secondary one, and that they are embraced in higher laws and comprehended in a wider system, and that system is moral and spiritual, and reserves its retributions for the future.

Nor will it meet the case to say that "virtue is its own reward and vice its own punishment." It is true virtue is better than vice; it is true that virtue brings peace and rest to the human spirit, and vice brings remorse and unrest to the soul; but if this is the only life that is for us, then our highest good is in receiving and enjoying the highest good *the earth* has to offer. It is not true that virtue secures to us the highest good of this world, considering this life as our only life, or that vice brings to us the greatest miseries. If this world is all—if our whole being is measured by our existence here, then surely he is the happiest man who gets the most out of the life that now is. But is it the virtuous man that is always the most healthful, most free from sorrow and affliction, most prosperous and successful? Is this system of life so constructed that virtue always brings worldly prosperity, ease, happiness, or that vice always brings poverty, misery, and suffering? If this life is all, our good is *worldly* good, and the virtue that sets itself to work seeking mere worldly good ceases to be virtue and becomes mere policy. The truth is, both virtue and vice dwindle into mere names of little significance when disconnected from their essential association with the great ideas of God and immortality, and the oft-repeated adage—"virtue is its own reward and vice its own punishment"—has only significance when it has for its background God and the retributions of eternity.

It is clear, then, that in the present life man is not dealt with according to the deservings of his virtue or the demerits of his vice. Our portion is not dealt out to us here in happiness or misery, health or disease, success or failure, according as we are good or bad. Is it possible, then, if God be just and holy, if he is the friend of goodness and the enemy of sin—and our moral intuitions compel us thus to think of him—



to vindicate his character for justice and equity, if we limit the sphere of his administration among men to this life? But admit that this life is but the antecedent of another with which it is connected by moral ties—let God explain his own dealings with us, and let us take his word when he declares the present life not to be the scene of rewards and punishments, but the theater of probation—that the world of retribution is yet to come—that both the wicked and the good are to be transferred to other spheres, where both are to be judged according to their moral character here, and where all shall receive their appropriate rewards and punishments, then the problem of life is solved and the ways of God to man are fully vindicated.

But there is still another thought to be presented from the consideration of the moral economy of the present life. By some method man has acquired the idea of God—of a Creator and Ruler of the world, and by some method has been induced to look upon himself as immortal, and as under the government of that Creator here and subject to his retributions hereafter. As we saw in a former article, these ideas are universal among men. They either came from God by revelation, and have passed to the race by tradition, or they are intuitional conceptions implanted in the human spirit, or they are the highest deductions of human reason. No matter whence these ideas have come, they are with us, with the race, all-pervading and all-controlling. With reference to them we think two things are certain: first, that they lie at the very foundation of human society, and, secondly, that the Great Ruler of the world himself accepts and uses them in the government of man. Let us look at these two facts.

By some means the ideas of a ruling God and our immortality and responsibility have become fundamental ideas in human nature and human society. They are more powerful in their influence on the individual and on society than any other, perhaps than all other ideas. Human society could not exist without them; moral law would have but little weight without their sanction; human law would be almost powerless did it not rest on these great thoughts in the background. They are the vast encouragement of virtue; they are the dreadful restraints of vice. The good man looks to God and immortality, and takes courage and grows strong. The wicked man, the tempted man, the poor wretch on the verge of transgression look to God and immortality, and they tremble and halt in the presence of their sins. Government issues its laws and prescribes its oaths, resting them on the sanction of God and the retributions of the future. In a word, immortality and its retributions are the very groundwork of human society. God himself in the government of the world accepts and uses these ideas of the human soul. Both divine and human government would be almost powerless without them. Let it be announced by God himself that this thought of immortality is an idle dream, that this life is all, that there are no retributions hereafter, and human society would be shaken to its center, and the throne of God itself would be disrobed of its glory and its terror. Virtue would sicken and die, bereft of its encouragements and hopes; and vice, freed from its restraints and fears, would reduce society to chaos.

But suppose this thought of immortality and its re-

tributions is an illusion, what then? Then society is based upon a lie! Then human government rests upon a gigantic deception! Then our whole human life is projected on the foundation of a falsehood! Then the moral economy of the world is a delusion! Then God himself is restraining, controlling, governing human society on the basis of an illusion! Then a false hope, an illusory idea, or mere false and imaginary fears, are doing for the world in blessing and governing, in controlling and restraining it, more than any truth or all truth can do! Indeed, on such a supposition, God has created such a world and such a creature as he can not govern without the help of illusory hopes and fears! It may be possible to believe that such is the world, and such is the nature of our life here, that its virtue and vice, its hopes and fears, its highest joys and keenest sorrows, its most powerful encouragements and restraints rest upon a gigantic delusion, and that belief in a lie is essential to the welfare and government of the race, but it is impossible to believe that an infinite and holy God so made and so governs it. What then? If our life here is based upon a gigantic delusion, and so it is if immortality is but a dream, then God did not so make and does not so govern it, and we are brought face to face with the conclusion—**IMMORTALITY OR ATHEISM!**

But lastly we argue,

#### V. FROM THE SENTIMENT OF IMMORTALITY IN THE HUMAN SOUL.

Immortality or atheism! Yes, we must either cling to immortality or turn away from God—we must give up the *Christian's* God or he must give us immortality. God not only governs and controls our lives on the basis of our hopes and fears of the vast future, but makes our highest happiness and keenest sorrows rest upon the same foundation. He has implanted in our souls the sentiment of immortality. This sentiment is universal; we have been ever dreaming, thinking, hoping about immortality. Our very doubts are mingled with such sadness, pathos, and tenderness, that even they prove how deep is this sentiment of the soul. We have not only had this idea of an endless life—the premonitions and forebodings of immortality, but the most ardent desires have been awakened in us for its realization. We long for a future life. "The soul recoils upon herself and startles at the thought of destruction." We are neither willing nor able to be satisfied with any thing short of the realizations of eternity. However often our wishes and hopes are gratified they still reach out for something beyond, and nothing short of endless existence and eternal things seems sufficient to satisfy these longings of the soul. Why has God given us these insatiable longings? They are a part of our nature, they are characteristic of our humanity. We alone of all the earth have them; the beast neither thinks of nor longs for immortality, but drinks his full satisfaction in his being here. Could it be possible that a wise and merciful Creator could endow us so richly, attune our spirits so finely, give us such thoughts and awaken such longings, if life, the soul's life, "is but a bubble cast up on the ocean of eternity to be the sport of a momentary and capricious chance, and then to sink forever beneath the mass?" Could a wise and beneficent Creator thus illude his rational and intelligent

creatures? But such is our constitution. Either then this sentiment and these longings have their corresponding reality in the certainty of a future life, or God is not the author of our nature, and again the conclusion is, immortality or atheism.

But God has also given us hearts warm with emotional life and gushing with ardent affections. He has united us together by the tenderest life-bonds. He has bound us together as parents, children, husbands, wives, friends, and cemented these relations by a network of our very heart-strings. He has given us intelligence, sentiments, and the power of speech that our affections might intertwine more closely still by intercourse through "looks that breathe and words that burn." He encourages these loves and friendships of life till they become stronger than death itself. And yet he has made us to die; he will break in upon these affections, sever these relations, break these life-bonds, and leave our hearts torn and bleeding with anguish. He has made us to love, to love on through life, love on in death, love on while we are bending in anguish over the dying loved ones, and then ends the affection in a moment by an eternal separation, but deludes the desolate heart with a vain and false hope of an immortal reunion! Deny immortality, and this is the aimless, cruel tragedy that is playing in a thousand households every day. Deny immortality, and it is impossible to conceive a more exquisitely-constructed system of illusion and deception than our

human life and society. Either God is not the author of this system, or the hope that springs up in the human soul in the solitude and anguish of bereavement is not an illusion, but is a comforter from God to cheer the desolation, and point the soul to the more permanent unions and imperishable affections of the immortal life.

The argument for immortality, then, brings us to the conclusion that man is immortal, or his life, nature, and circumstances can not be the product of a wise and beneficent Creator. God could not create a being with capacities immeasurably beyond his destiny, govern him by hopes and fears that are never to be realized, implant in him longings that are never to be satisfied, develop in him affections stronger than death, and delude him with the thought that these affections are to minister to his felicity in an endless life, at the very moment when they are perishing forever. But atheism itself does not relieve the difficulty; it only removes the reflection of un wisdom and deception from God, by removing God himself, while human life still remains with all its incongruity, deception, and irreconcilable inconsistencies. Deny immortality, and our life is an utterly inexplicable problem; accept it, and all is harmonious, significant, and real—presenting man in his true character and destiny, and God as the wise and beneficent author of his nature and circumstances. "To him be all the glory, to us the boundless bliss."

## Literary Notices.

THE ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE: *Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Julius Caesar.* By George L. Craik. 12mo. Pp. 386. \$1.75. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—When we grow weary of books, and the news of every day's life seems stale, we always find refreshment and rest in Shakespeare. Of his plays we are never tired. His many-sided delineations of human character, the versatile genius which compasses mankind and explores the recesses of the heart, the light comedy which provokes to laughter or the pathos of the tragedy which moves to tears, have a charm for us beyond that of any other uninspired writer. Perhaps more than all else, Shakespeare has furnished themes for thought and subjects for the pen. Scarcely a year passes but the great dramatist is introduced in some new phase, or in some new dress. A few months ago we had occasion to notice "Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility, and Suicide," and shortly afterward an ingenious essay on "The Authorship of Shakespeare;" and now we have still another new work, designed as a guide for students in Shakespearean literature and philology. The idea of the book is a good one. Instead of making an ancient classic, Greek or Roman, the subject of a commentary, Professor Craik takes an English drama and accompanies it with full notes and illustrations, summoning to his aid all the wealth of British learning and criticism. As an expert in the English tongue, its wondrous power and its rich freight

of words with their minute differences of meaning, the author has no superior. His varied scholarship, his cultivated taste and long devotion to letters make him a competent judge in all matters of literary exegesis. The reader will gain from the perusal of this volume a better knowledge and a better opinion of his own language, and will not need to seek in ancient literature for that in which Shakespeare excelled. We do not desire to see the classics expelled from our colleges; but why not give more attention to the English language and its literature—"the tongue that Shakespeare spoke?"

THE TENT ON THE BEACH, and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 12mo. 172 pp. Tinted paper, morocco cloth. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Whittier is the most thoroughly American of all our poets. He has entered more deeply into the feelings of the national heart, and has more deeply sympathized with the sentiments of universal freedom and philanthropy than any other. The patriotic muse has never been silent in our country, but the last heroic years of strife and blood have been vocal with song. Every-where, on the street and in the parlor, in the Church and the hall, in the camp and the forum, the voice of singing has mingled with the voice of worship, of business, or of neighborly intercourse; and we could go no whither without hearing the echoes of musical words. The clang of arms has

now yielded to the din of trade, and the roar of artillery to the noise of machinery; but the patriotic fervor of a free people, kindled anew by war, has not grown cold. Whittier's *Tent on the Beach* is suggested by a Summer recreation at the seaside with some of his friends. The narrative part describes the tent on the beach, the occupations of its inmates, the scenery along shore, the companions of the excursion; and interwoven with it are several poetic pieces which the author calls

"Legends and runes  
Of credulous days, old fancies that have lain  
Silent from boyhood, taking voice again."

Following this are National Lyrics and Occasional Poems in Whittier's best style. Altogether the volume is of the choicest, filled with genuine poetry, written in a devout spirit, and alive with the hopes of Christian faith.

**THE GOOD REPORT: Morning and Evening Lessons for Lent.** By Alice B. Haven. 12mo. 318 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This book consists of two lessons a day for forty days, the period of Lent. Each lesson is drawn from the Old Testament; the varied experience of the Israelites in the wilderness serving as the text, and the application, or moral, pointed by significant passages from the New Testament. The name on the title-page will be recognized by many as a dear and familiar one, though no longer responded to on earth by her who bore it. The book itself occupied her attention, at intervals, for four years. It was kept by her for revision and improvement from time to time, but her life closed before it received its final touches. But it is complete, and written in so fervent a style and with so devotional a spirit, it can not fail of accomplishing the good which the writer had in view. Surely her works do follow her.

**VENETIAN LIFE.** By W. D. Howells. 12mo. 401 pp. Morocco cloth. \$2. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The author had excellent opportunities for observing Venetian life. As Consul for the United States he came into contact with all classes of society, and he made good use of his office. The style in which he writes is charming for its simplicity. He tells his story as he would talk at the fireside to a group of children; yet there is no childishness in his language. The history of Venice has always been full of striking and interesting events. From its foundation by fugitives among the lagunes of the Adriatic, during its existence as a republic, a ducal sovereignty, an aristocracy, under the fearful reign of the Council of Ten, its reduction under a foreign power, and its final restoration to an Italian kingdom, its history possesses a fascination scarcely equaled by any other. But much of its romance is lost in sober fact; and Mr. Howells dissipates a deal of sentiment expended over the celebrated "Bridge of Sighs." Over that structure thieves and cut-throats were conveyed to dungeon, but no prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose punishment deserved sympathy, ever crossed it. Other impositions of a poetic fancy are disposed of in the same matter-of-fact way; and we have left only the actual life and history of a city, still grand and romantic, and whose name still conjures up

a thousand incidents that resemble a fairy tale. In a few chapters we have such passages as Venetian Society, Love-making and Marrying, Baptisms and Burials, Holidays, Traits and Characters, Commerce, with descriptions of places, edifices, canals, the population, and the arts of living. We learn more of Venetian life from such a work as this, than from the hasty letters and books of a thousand travelers.

**THE MARKET ASSISTANT,** Containing a brief description of every article of human food sold in the public markets of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. By Thomas F. De Voe. 12mo. 455 pp. \$2.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—In addition to the description of the various meats, game, poultry, vegetables, and fruits sold in market, the author has diligently gathered up many curious incidents and anecdotes. His object has been to bring together in a form easy of reference those items of information which are interesting to all housekeepers, and especially to those who are called upon to provide for the household. Being a practical butcher and market man, his experience is large, and he writes from actual knowledge of the articles sold in the shambles. Mr. De Voe is not a scholar, and it is not strange that his syntax should occasionally be faulty; but he possesses the merit of clearness, and his style is more elegant than that of many professed scholars. His research is thorough, and his historic notes on the old markets of New York are both interesting and valuable. If an epicure or a dyspeptic is in doubt what to eat let him get this book, and all other persons may read it with profit and pleasure.

**GUYOT'S GEOGRAPHICAL TEXT-BOOK.** No. 1. Primary; No. 2. Common School Geography. Cleveland: Ingham & Bragg.—These text-books on geography are introduced into many of the schools throughout the country, and the testimony of teachers who use them is universally in their favor. They are prepared with great care, the principal facts of geography being given without needless detail, and the arrangement natural and easy. The primary geography is printed in small quarto size, and the common school geography in royal quarto. They are handsomely illustrated, and for mechanical execution are unsurpassed. The price of the former is 90 cents, and of the latter \$1.50; teachers' edition, with full exposition of Prof. Guyot's system, \$2.

**THE BROTHER SOLDIERS: A Household Story of the American Conflict.** By Mary S. Robinson. New York: N. Tibbals. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 18mo. 204 pp. Illustrations.—The patriotism of American boys ever since the days of the Revolution has been fostered by stories of the war of independence. Henceforth, not the contest for colonial freedom but the struggle for national unity, will furnish themes for story writers and novelists. Already many have gleaned in this field, and here is one of the sheaves garnered from the gleanings. It is a neatly-told story, and traces the fortunes of a soldier boy with clever hand. The author is, we believe, the widow of Rev. George C. Robinson, of lamented memory.

**PAMPHLETS.**—*Premium List of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, for 1867.*—*The Riverside Magazine for Young People,* published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**KINGS AND PRINCES ON THE "RETIRED LIST."**—A German journal gives a list of dethroned princes who now live in different parts of Europe. First there is Don Miguel, dethroned in 1830, who resides in Germany, having married a German princess; next the Count de Chambord, in exile since 1830, residing generally in Austria. With him may be joined the Orleanist princes, who reside mostly in England. Leopold and Ferdinand of Tuscany, Francis V of Modena, and Robert of Parma were driven from their States in 1859. The first three reside in Austria, the last in Switzerland. The following year Francis II was sent to increase the list of retired kings. In 1862 King Otho of Greece was driven from his throne. King George of Hanover, the Elector Frederick William of Hesse, the Duke Adolph of Nassau, have recently been added to the list, which may be further augmented by the addition of Prince Couza, who now resides in Paris, and the Prince of Augustenburg, who lives in Bavaria.

**MAGNESIUM IN THE OCEAN.**—It has been estimated that the ocean contains 100,000 cubic miles of magnesium—a quantity which would cover the entire surface of the globe, both sea and land, to a thickness of more than eight feet. In obtaining salt from sea-water, the residuum is largely magnesium. It constitutes thirteen per cent. of magnesium-limestone, a rock found in all parts of the world in enormous quantities. Three years ago all the chemists who had obtained it probably did not possess an ounce among them. One year ago its price was 112 guineas—about \$600 in gold—per pound! Now, owing to improvements recently introduced, magnesium wire is sold at three-pence per foot. It has been suggested that, when it should be cheap enough, vessels of war should be built of it, for, while it is but little heavier than "heart of oak," it is as strong and tenacious as steel.—*American Gas-Light Journal*.

**THE RUSSIAN STEPPE.**—The Steppe, says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, consists of a vast, illimitable plain, its monotonous expanse stretching away in every direction to the horizon, never broken by a rill, or even a tree, but undulating like an ocean whose waves have suddenly been arrested. For thousands and thousands of miles these gentle undulations succeed one another, such a sameness pervading the landscape that at last, though the traveler knows that his horses are galloping on, and he sees the wheels of his car turn round, yet he seems fastened to the same spot, unable to make any progress. Not even a bush is to be seen on the level ground, not a rivulet to be heard, but here and there in the hollows are tall green reeds and scattered wild willows, where sullenly rivers flow slowly along between sandy banks. So far do these desolate tracts ascend that it has been declared that a calf born at the foot of the great wall in China might eat its way along till it arrived, a well-fattened ox, on the banks of the Dniester. In the Spring the Steppe possesses a peculiar charm of its own. The grass is then comparatively soft, and of a dazzling green. Here

and there, literally, "you can not see the grass for the flowers," for they grow in masses, covering the ground for acres together, hyacinths and crocuses, tulips and mignonette. The air is fresh and exhilarating, the sky is clear and blue, and the grass rings with the song of innumerable birds. In the district over which Koltsof was accustomed to roam, the Steppe retains for some time the beauty with which Spring has clothed it; but in the interior, where rain is unknown, when Summer comes the pools and water-courses run dry, and the earth gradually turns dry, and hard, and black. Shade is utterly unknown, and the heat is every-where the same. At morn and eve the sun rises and sets like a globe of fire, while in the noontide it wears a hazy appearance, due to the dust which pervades the atmosphere like smoke. The herds grow lean and haggard, and the inhabitants appear wrinkled and melancholy, and darkened by the constant dust to an almost African hue. In the Autumn the heat lessens, the dust-colored sky becomes once more blue, and the black earth green; the haze gathers into clouds, and the setting sun covers the sky with the splendor of gold and crimson. With September this phase ends. No yellow corn-fields, no russet leaves, throw a glory over the latter portion of the year; but October comes, wet and stormy, and soon after Winter arrives, cold and terrible, sweeping the plains with hurricanes and snow-storms.

**COFFEE.**—Coffee was first introduced into Arabia from Abyssinia, where it originally grew, about the year 1450. It was certainly known in England before either chocolate or tea. It is said to have been first brought there about the year 1652, by a Turkey merchant named Edwards, whose Greek servant made the first dish of coffee ever drank in England. This caused several coffee-houses to be opened shortly afterward, both in the metropolis and various other towns throughout the country. These were visited periodically by the excise officers, and a duty of four-pence per gallon was imposed till 1689. Coffee does not appear to have been known in France before 1658, when it was introduced at Marseilles by some merchants of that city, and Thevenot regaled his guests with coffee after dinner, on his return from his travels in the East about the same year. There are at present, in London alone, above fifteen hundred coffee-houses, properly so called, in addition to confectioners' shops and other places where this beverage is sold.

**POPULATION OF PARIS.**—A Paris correspondent of the *Newark (N. J.) Advertiser* says:

The population of the French capital, according to returns just issued by the Hotel de Ville, amounts now to 1,696,151, contained in twenty arrondissements, or districts, each of which is presided over by a Mayor. There are, therefore, in Paris, no less than twenty-one Mayors, the Prefect being the Chief Mayor, and presiding over all. According to these same returns, which I was looking over the other day, I find that the num-



ber of births in Paris in the last year was 52,312, of which 26,505 were boys and 25,507 girls. Of the whole number, 14,501 were illegitimate and 37,721 born in wedlock. The number of deaths was 42,185, and the excess of births were 10,127. The marriages celebrated were 15,916.

**FREAKS OF EARTHQUAKES.**—The phenomena attending earthquakes, says an article on "the God of Earthquakes" in the London Spectator, are more apparently preternatural than those of any other human event. The ground assumes the appearance of running water—in the ocean itself. Not only are valleys exalted and hills made low, but nature appears to be working out on an awful and tragic scale the wonders of a pantomime. After the great earthquake of Quito in 1797, many whom the earthquake surprised in the town of Riobamba were found as corpses on the top of a hill separated by a river from the place, and several hundred feet higher than the site of the town. The place was shown to Humboldt where the whole furniture of one house was found buried beneath the ruins of another, and it could only be accounted for by supposing that it had sunk into the earth at one spot, and been disgorged at the other. In Calabria, in 1783, whole estates were literally shuffled, so that, for example, a plantation of mulberry trees was set down in the middle of a cornfield, and a field of lupines was removed into the middle of a vineyard. For several years after, lawsuits were actively carried on in the courts of Naples to reclaim landed property thus conveyed, without legal forms, from one to another. Who can wonder that people, who thus see what Englishmen emphatically call real property flying like shadows before their eyes, prostrate themselves before the great earthquake, in paroxysms of fear and superstition?

**MAMMOTH TREES.**—When Dartmouth College was founded there was a pine on the college plain 210 feet high. So the sycamores and maples of the Ohio Valley have attained from 16 to 20 feet in diameter. But the largest American trees have grown west of the Rocky Mountains. In Oregon these monster trees are seen towering to the heavens, without a limb within a hundred feet of the ground. Lower down, in California, they are larger still, some of them measuring from 30 to 60 feet in diameter and 400 feet in height, of ages estimated at from 3,000 to 5,000 years.

The story of the California pines is almost incredible; we can not think of a tree that has survived the great flood, or existed in the days of Moses, or Solomon, or Paul, as fair and green as if planted by our fathers; but they tell a story of a banyan-tree yet growing upon an island in the Nerbudda River, India, which is mentioned by Nearchus, in the time of Alexander the Great, as being capable of sheltering 10,000 men at once. Portions of it have been carried away by floods, but enough yet remains to overshadow 7,000 men.

**WOOL IN OHIO.**—Two years ago the number of sheep set down to Ohio was 4,800,000. The fleece is estimated at full four pounds to the sheep, which will give over nineteen millions of pounds of wool, worth fifteen millions of dollars. Immense quantities of wool are imported into the United States. Much of this is coarse wool, brought from Buenos Ayres, Chili, Africa,

etc., and not exceeding twenty cents per pound in value. This is mixed with the finer wool of our country, and used in the manufacture of coarse woollen goods. Of this species of wool, we import twenty-five millions of pounds per annum. The growth and culture of sheep must for several years to come be a very profitable business. Cotton will never, perhaps, be as cheap as it has been, and it will take some years to bring the cotton-fields back to their former productiveness. Wool will, therefore, be more in demand, and the greater perfection of woollen machinery, in cheapening the manufacture, will increase the consumption and the profits of woollen goods. There is every inducement, therefore, for farmers to raise sheep.

**WEIGHT OF PEOPLE.**—We read in All the Year Round, what is the average weight of a man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heavier are men than women? What would be the weight of fat people, and what of very fat people? M. Quetelet, of Brussels, some years ago, deemed such questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches on man. He got hold of every body he could, every-where, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies, he weighed the boys and girls, he weighed the youths and maidens, he weighed men and women, he weighed collegians, soldiers, factory people, pensioners—and as he had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he honestly set down such results as he met with. All the infants in the Foundling Hospital at Brussels for a considerable period were weighed, and the results were compared with others obtained from similar establishments in Paris and Moscow. The average returns show that a citizen of the world, on the first day of his appearance in public, weighed about six pounds and a half—a boy baby a little more, a girl baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten or eleven pounds. M. Quetelet grouped his thousands of people according to ages, and found that the young men of twenty averaged one hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty have an average of one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when their average weight was one hundred and fifty-two pounds; but the women slowly fattened on till fifty, when their average was one hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Men and women together, the weight at full growth averaged almost exactly one hundred and forty pounds.

**AN ITEM OF INTEREST.**—The average of human life is 32 years. One quarter die before the age of 7. To every 1,000 persons, one rarely reaches the age of 100, and not more than one in 500 will reach the age of 80. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 persons. Of these about 93,333,333 die every year, 91,824 die every day, 7,789 every hour, and 70 every minute. The losses are balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years, but fewer after than men. The number of marriages is in proportion of 70 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes than during the month of June or December. Those born in the Spring are more robust than others.

## Prospect of Religious Intelligence.

**THE BIBLE IN ITALY.**—We have already called attention to the progress which the Gospel is making in Italy, but the following paragraph gives a fuller and more cheering account of the results attained:

"In the last three years not less than 100,000 copies of the Scriptures have been sold to the Italians. We say sold for two reasons: 1. To call the attention of those who give their money for helping us to supply Italy with the Scriptures to the fact that every precaution is taken against their destruction by the priests. The poor man who pays even a little of his hard-earned gains for the holy Book is the man who will try to keep it. 2. To show how great is the desire of the people to search the Scriptures. This desire may not always arise from the highest motives. It may be, in some, because the Bible denounces tyranny—in others, from curiosity; but from whatever motive it is read, the truth is God's truth, inspired by God's Spirit, who often makes it mighty to strike conviction to the heart of the most careless. Travelers ranging the country have come upon humble workmen late in the evening, neither in bed, nor at the *café*, but occupied with the Bible. Others have found readers of the Scriptures, earnestly intent on the study, lying on the banks of the Arno, or some other classic stream of Italy. The blessed results are attested, not only by the reports of the colporteurs, but more strikingly by the rapid increase all over the country, in the number of evangelicals. In the good providence of God they have a Protestant translation of the Bible to read, made three hundred years ago by Diodati—Protestant because a very exact rendering of the original. There is no delay for a translation; no necessity of reading a bad one. As in almost every other point connected with Italian evangelization, so in this vital point, God has wonderfully prepared the way for the evangelization of Italy."

**CATHOLICS IN PHILADELPHIA.**—The total number, of Catholic priests engaged in the diocese of Philadelphia is one hundred and fifty-seven, of whom one hundred and fifty are on the mission, and seven otherwise engaged. There are one hundred and thirty secular priests and twenty-seven connected with religious orders. There are one hundred and sixty-two churches and eight chapels, four ecclesiastical institutions, and four colleges, eleven female academies, one high school, and one hospital.

**EGYPT.**—Great success and prospects cheer the Christian mission in Egypt. A general revival of religion throughout the country is expected. The mission has existed about twelve years, and numbers eight ordained missionaries, and three female assistants, a printer, twenty-nine native preachers, teachers, Bible-readers, and twelve schools, attended by six hundred and fifty children of both sexes.

**THE JESUITS.**—The Jesuits, according to their custom, have published the annual statistics of their so-

ciety. The company reckoned at the close of 1866 four consistories and twenty provinces; the number of members 8,167, showing an augmentation of 215 over the year 1865. In the French province there are 2,422, whereas in 1865, there was only 2,266. Notwithstanding their expulsion from Naples, Sicily, Turin, Venetia, and the Mexican empire, they are incessantly increasing in number.

**THIBET MISSION.**—Ten years ago the Moravians commenced a mission in Thibet, and they labored hard and struggled long without seeing much fruit. But they are beginning to reap. Four converts have just been baptized as the first fruits. Christianity is diffusing itself among the masses; an inquiring spirit is awakened, and even the most neglected and degraded are turning their attention to the Christian religion. A glorious day of success and triumph for Christianity is opening on the wretched masses of humanity.

**THE BIBLE IN PORTUGAL.**—The British and Foreign Bible Society have received encouraging information in regard to the circulation of the Scriptures in Portugal, and the increasing readiness of the people to buy the sacred books of the Society's colporteurs, regardless of the displeasure of the priests and others. At one place, where they sold many books, a priest undertook to debate with them in the public square, alleging that they were "bad books." "A large concourse of people soon assembled round us, and the poor priest was greatly humbled, for, in his sight, every body bought Bibles and Testaments, and even, in the evening, came to our lodgings to buy more. Yesterday, however, the Administrador sent for us, and sent us, with a letter from himself to the Dean, who asked us for our books, and said that he would give us an answer presently. In a short time he gave us his answer in writing, and bid us return to the Administrador. The Administrador told us we might continue selling our books, as there was no harm in them."

**CONCESSION TO THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.**—The Russian Government has made another step in advance. It has partially thrown open to the Jews two important towns formerly closed against them. Jewish merchants of the second and third guild may now settle at Sebastopol and Nekolayew, trade there, and even acquire real estate. A still greater boon to the Jews, and one which has also a political significance, is the offer made by the Russian Government to the Jews of Bokhara and other central Asiatic countries, to take them under its protection. The offer, it is said, has been eagerly accepted by them, as they were fearfully oppressed by the Mohammedan rulers and population of those countries.

**GOSPEL IN JAPAN.**—The way is preparing for the conversion of the Japanese to Jesus Christ. Already four Protestant missions are established among them. The New Testament, in their language, is soon to be published. A phrase-book and vocabulary of the lan-

guage have been issued, and a dictionary is soon to follow.

**UNITED BRETHREN.**—The United Brethren Almanac for 1867 contains the following "Table of Statistics of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ for 1866."

Preaching-places.....	4,258
Number of members.....	91,570
Increase.....	7,047
Number itinerant preachers.....	789
Paid ".....	\$197,166
Average salary.....	\$250
Local preachers.....	755
Raised for Missions.....	\$25,377
Average per member.....	27 cents
Number Bibles circulated.....	9,209
Raised for all purposes.....	\$341,279

Making the average contributions for all benevolent and religious purposes about \$3.50 per member per annum.

**GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH.**—The statistical report of the Synodic year gives the following results: 2 Synods, 29 classes, 475 ministers, 1,162 congregations, 109,258 members, 70,432 unconfirmed members, 11,088 baptisms, 6,811 confirmations, 2,392 received on certificate, 90,972 communed, 196 excommunicated, 1,244 dismissed, 4,169 deaths, 926 Sabbath schools, 29,167 Sabbath school scholars, \$60,882.46 benevolent contributions. The increase during the year is 1 minister, 33 congregations, 6,927 members, 4,143 unconfirmed members, 1,803 confirmations, 220 receptions on certificate, 59 Sabbath schools, 6,063 Sabbath school scholars, and \$16,182.80 benevolent contributions. The decrease is 546 baptisms, and 435 deaths.

**REV. DANIEL WEBB.**—Rev. Daniel Webb, of the Providence Conference, died at his residence in Barnstable, on Tuesday, March 19th, aged eighty-eight years and eleven months. For more than threescore years he labored in the Gospel ministry, sustaining through that long period a spotless reputation. A man of em-

inent gravity, of winning courtesy, of rare practical wisdom, he was a type of those old Methodist preachers who, as Wesley said, "were at it and always at it," and to whose aggressive faith and unflagging endeavor the success of the denomination is so largely due. He retired from active service in 1853, but not on account of any failure of his intellectual powers. These continued to the close of his life. He died because the body was worn out; going to his last, long sleep as calmly, sweetly, peacefully, "as flowers at set of sun." A portrait and sketch of the old veteran was published in the Repository for June, 1860.

**PROTESTANTISM IN BELGIUM.**—The progress of the missionary work in Belgium continues uninterrupted. There are about sixty Protestant laborers at work, of whom thirteen preachers received salaries from the Government, twenty-three from the Evangelical Society, ten being converts from Popery, and the remainder are colporteurs, Scripture-readers, and school teachers. Nearly all the Church members are converts from Romanism, in some Churches there not being a born Protestant, and in several only one. The Evangelical Society has added a Church for the last eight years to the number of its Churches.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN AMERICA.**—This was irregularly formed in Providence, Rhode Island, by Roger Williams, in 1639. In 1744 Elder Gregory Dexter, who was regularly baptized and commenced his ministry in England, took charge of the Church.

**BAPTISTS IN ILLINOIS.**—There are twenty Baptist Churches in Illinois which use a foreign language, with seventeen ministers and seven hundred and fifty-three members. Eleven of these are German, three Swede, two French, two Welsh, one Danish, and one Norwegian.

## Editor's Table.

**A VISIT TO ASHLAND.**—During our visit to the recent Kentucky Conference at Lexington, we were invited by Mr. Bowman, Regent of the Kentucky University, to dine with him at Ashland, the former residence of Henry Clay. We had previously visited the cemetery in which is found the tall and graceful monument which covers the sarcophagus containing the remains of the illustrious statesman. We were glad of an opportunity to see where he had lived, to pass along the avenues through which he had walked, and where doubtless many great thoughts and patriotic schemes were born. The estate contains three hundred and twenty-five acres, commencing in the suburbs of Lexington and extending for more than a mile along a beautiful turnpike thoroughfare. We could not see the old house in which Mr. Clay had lived. It was torn down nine years ago, and a magnificent structure, standing on the same foundation, and, therefore, retaining much of the form and many of the arrangements of the old homestead, was erected by James B. Clay, son of the great Senator. The son, sympa-

thizing with the rebellion, and becoming involved in its dangers, escaped to Canada and there died. The estate was purchased by Mr. Bowman for the uses of the University, and has now become very appropriately the center of what is destined to be one of the greatest educational institutions of the country.

We shall not attempt to describe this magnificent building, or even our own emotions, as we passed through its halls, and rode through the avenues of the estate, and visited various buildings now used by the University.

One circumstance enabled us still more to feel something of the presence of the departed statesman; it was an admirable painting executed in 1866, by P. Staunton, of New York. It occupies a large space on one side of the room, and contains a group of which Mr. Clay is the center, and around him are gathered the illustrious associates of his last days. Mr. Clay is represented as delivering his last speech in the Senate chamber, and exhibits his tall figure in a commanding attitude, and his noble face animated with the interest

of the occasion. On his right sits Mr. Seward, as he was sixteen years ago. On his left is another honored son of Kentucky, Mr. Crittenden. In the background are Webster, Scott, Robertson, Letcher, Hunter, Underwood, Douglas, Benton, Cass, and Houston. The picture was painted for the Senate chamber of the State of Kentucky, but was set aside for what most people think an inferior one, for sectional considerations.

If Mr. Clay were now living he could not wish for any better fortune for his estate than is now likely to befall it. Ten years ago Mr. J. B. Bowman, now Regent of the Kentucky University, a gentleman of education and fortune, conceived the idea of developing a great educational institution for his native State, and consecrated himself to the work. The result shows what may be accomplished by an intelligent, energetic, and persevering man devoting himself to a single noble enterprise. After various fortunes, all pointing toward final success, Mr. Bowman a few weeks ago presented to the Legislature of Kentucky deeds to the estate of Mr. Clay and one hundred and twenty-five additional acres, with the buildings thereon, being a real estate worth \$200,000, and a half million more in bonds, mortgages, etc., as the foundation and endowment of "THE KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY." The University is already in successful operation, having the various departments of a college of arts, of law, of agriculture, and of theology, and in a short time will have a college of medicine. Five hundred students are in attendance in the various departments. One hundred and fifty students are in the agricultural department. Two hundred and fifty are receiving free tuition and free rooms, and have an opportunity of paying for their board in labor if they so choose. Mr. Bowman, still unwearied in his great work, will move forward immediately in an effort to raise the endowment to one million of dollars! He and his friends say he will succeed.

**ANOTHER PICTURE.**—On our table we find a large lithograph containing portraits of "the pioneers and Bishops of the Methodist Church," accompanied by a little volume containing "historical and biographical sketches" of the eminent men whose likenesses are given in the engraving. Both are issued by H. F. Brown, in Cincinnati and Cleveland. The engraving is a lithograph sixteen by twenty-two inches, containing thirty-three portraits, representing all the Bishops of our Church, Mr. Wesley, Whitefield, Lorenzo Dow, Embury, Garrettsen, Levings, Bangs, Stevens, and other men eminent in the history of Methodism. A portrait of Barbara Heck is also given, evidently a supposed one, as no real portrait of Mrs. Heck is in existence. The corners are ornamented with pioneer scenes, except one which exhibits Tremont-Street Church, Boston. The little book designed as a companion for the engraving, contains well-written short sketches of the fathers and pioneers of Methodism, and conveys a large amount of information in a small space, and may well serve the purpose of awakening a desire to know more of the history of the Church and of its representative men. The price of the whole is \$3.

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—Our illustrations for this month will carry us back to the earlier days of our life.

*Golden Moments*, engraved by Mr. Hinshelwood from a picture by Wm. Hart, will carry us to our youth, and suggest by its quiet beauty many golden scenes that we remember in the years that are gone. "*Our Father which art in heaven*," engraved by Mr. Wellstood, will take us to our mother's arms, to the little trundle-bed, to the sweet good-night, to the prayers of our childhood, and lift us, we trust, through these precious memories to a sweeter communion with the "Father in heaven."

**CORRESPONDENCE.**—There are few things more strengthening and encouraging to an editor than evidences of the appreciation of his labors by those for whom his efforts are made. We certainly have had our share of these encouragements in the shape of many letters from our patrons. Thanks to the good spirit and patience of both subscribers and contributors, we have not yet had a bitter letter. Of course it is not possible for us to reply to these kind epistles, nor do we think they are intended for publication, but we give the following as a specimen, with our thanks:

*Dear Editor*,—I want to tell you how I love the Repository. Ours is a country home—a shady retreat among the hills, and here the Repository has long been a regular visitor. I love it because it does not overlook the country people. In fact, I think it gives us a good share of attention, and seems to admit that, though often rude and uncultivated, we may wield no trifling influence for good or evil.

How prone is the busy farmer's wife in the midst of her varied duties as pertaining to wife, mother, and housekeeper, or it may be to the entertainment of guests, perhaps, like Martha's, a sacred guest, to become cumbered with much serving! For all this the Repository has many an antidote. Often have I, when enjoying a brief season of rest from toil, been refreshed and strengthened by its gentle teachings, and often have I felt its mild rebuke. And how many "grandmother Glades" would there be among us? how many "aunt Hapgoods," were it not for its timely hints? I pity the poor countrywoman who is uncheered by its sweet society. Send it forth then, kind editor; it is a faithful itinerant, and is ever "going about doing good." Send it forth, and children's children shall rise up and call you blessed. O. T. S.

**THE MISSIONARY RECORDER.**—Our missionary brethren in China have just commenced a new paper, to be published once a month, at the rooms of our mission press in Foochow. The first number has reached us, and we are glad to notice the initiation of this novel enterprise. To the friends at home of the Chinese missionaries it will come like a welcome letter, bearing intelligence of their labors, their hopes, their successes, and their prospects. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—Benevolence; Charles Linneus; The Soul's Loneliness; Order; The Moral Education of Young Ladies; A Chapter on Doves; A Chapter on Sparrows; The Divine Element in Christianity; The Ambitious Violet; The Hurricane; Missions; A Comparison; Earth and Heaven.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—God is but Love; God made not Man to Mourn; The Isolated Day; A Story for the Boys; Lost; Looking Back at Affliction; The Deserted Church; The Sexton's Trials; A Missionary Sketch; The Old Church Bell; Thought; Imitation; Standard-Bearers; The Spirit of Gold; Heart Pictures; Silent Cities; A Dream; The Savior's Promise; The Neighbor; and The Pious Poor.



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MRS. SARAH WESTON

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